WHO WAS MALCOLM X?

50 CENTS
CDC

MARCH 23, 1965

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

Does Pacem in Terris mean get out of Vietnam?

HOW THEY BAPTIZED THE PEACE MOVEMENT AND MADE MONEY AT THE HILTON

GARRY WILLS

Also In This Issue:

THREE WILLIAMS (SCHLAMM, BUCKLEY AND RICKENBACKER) GO TO WORK ON NASSER, BIRTH CONTROL AND THE GREAT SILVER SHORTAGE ◆ GEN. THOMAS A. LANE REVIEWS AND IS REVIEWED

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ the undauntable **Garry Wills** guides you through three days of twitterings around town, organized by Robert Hutchins' Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, traveling under the name Convocation on *Pacem in Terris,* and dedicated ever so exquisitely to the task of raising cash for Robert Hutchins' enterprises. After all the clichés were said and done, and both jokes were cracked, the observant Mr. Wills decided that this group of sentimental peacemongers was at the very brink of reality: there was agreement that the UN has failed, that the world isn't ready for World Government, and that (ah well, there's one in every crowd) the U.S. should desist from its aggressions in Vietnam. . . . Mr. **Charles Wiley,** a free-lance reporter for magazine and radio, interviewed the late Malcolm X on several occasions and came to know him personally and well, or at least as well as you can know anyone who incorporates a hive of contradictions. Mr. Wiley is definitely no news-dove; once, trailing a story, he news-hawked his way into a brief jail sentence in Castro Cuba. . . . **William Rickenbacker** goes into the background and prognosis of the current U.S. silver coin shortage, explaining why we'll probably never again mint coins of the present silver content and fineness. So keep your Confederate money, boys.

➔ **William F. Buckley Jr.** agrees with that old dog Malthus that the earth is finite (denying, for the moment, that it is also flat), and urges that the business be got on with, of matching the birth rate with the agricultural growth rate. Outraged readers are urged to be continent in their letter-writing on this occasion, pending a more flagrant occasion, which is even now being planned: a full-fledged Symposium on the Population Problem, which we hope to publish later in the spring. Ah, Spring. In the spring a young man's fancy. . . . Back of the cheating and the riots of students from California to Coimbatore, says **Russell Kirk,** there is the perfectly natural human resistance to being cogged into a Machine. That interesting new campus at Santa Cruz may show whether, if Education is de-mechanized, the students will be de-riotized. . . . And **William S. Schlamm** tells why Egypt's Nasser keeps getting away with it, and why he's strategically the twin of a contemporary American folk hero, one W. Sutton, bank robber.

➔ A frequent contributor to these pages, the columnist and retired General Thomas A. Lane has written a critique of the late President Kennedy as national leader, which **M. Stanton Evans** finds to his taste. . . . Guy Davenport's edition of selections of the writings of Louis Agassiz moves **Vincent Miller** to note how both Agassiz and his great antonym, Darwin, were nourished in the great tradition of Western mind. . . . *Iudicatus iudicat:* **Gen. Lane** regrets that Alexander Werth's history of Second-World-War Russia contains so little understanding and so much propaganda. . . . **Nathaniel Weyl** has the same complaint about Peter Nehemkis' book on Latin America. . . . And **Myrna Bain,** back again after a couple of evenings with LeRoi Jones and the Theater of Protest, explains why LJ and the TP would love to lay 'em in the aisle, but can't. ➔

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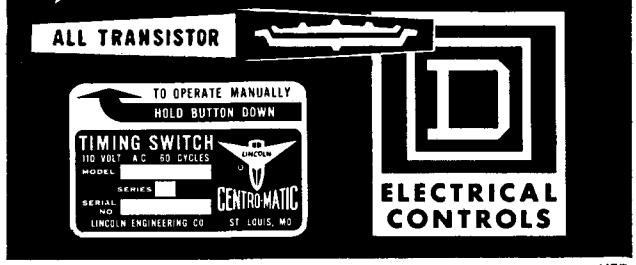

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TO THE EDITOR

Gnostics Ride Again

It seems to us that Marvin R. O'Connell's satire (?) on the modern Church [Feb. 23] is a venture in triviality. Apparently he has gleaned his information on the changes taking place from *Look* Magazine and other sensation-seeking publications of the Liberal press—rather than from the pronouncements of Pope Paul. . . .

Phoenix, Ariz. EUNICE BRUNSMAN

Re: "Gnostics on a Train." A gem, an absolute gem!

Newark, Ohio FR. EDWARD MCFARLAND
Principal
Newark Catholic High School

You have published many more significant articles of lasting value, but this reader wants to express appreciation for "Gnostics on a Train." I got an intense and sustained line charge out of this one.

Might I paraphrase C. S. Lewis

(Continued on p. 248)

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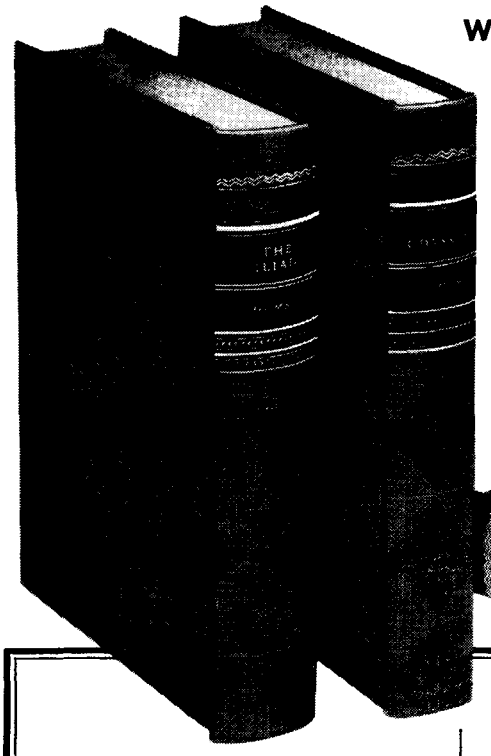

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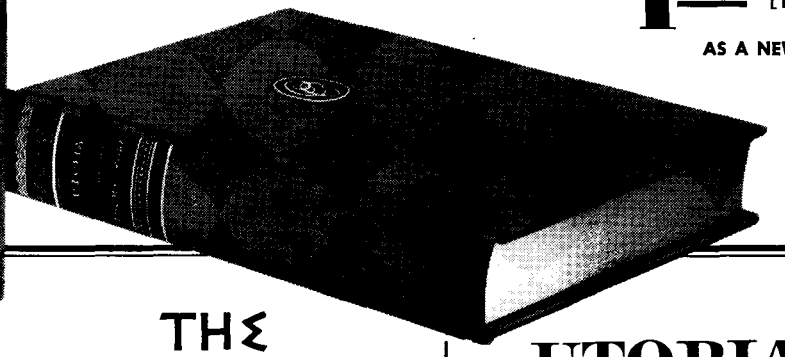

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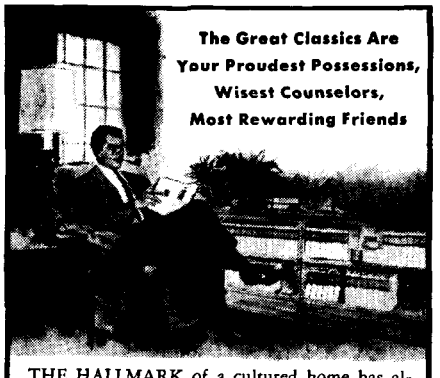

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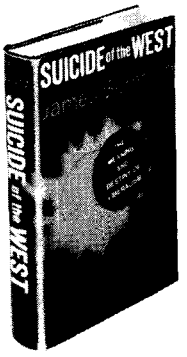

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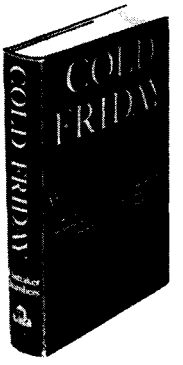

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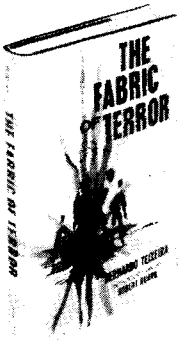

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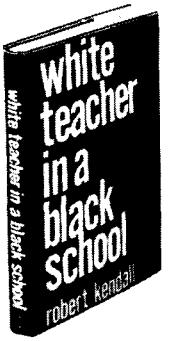

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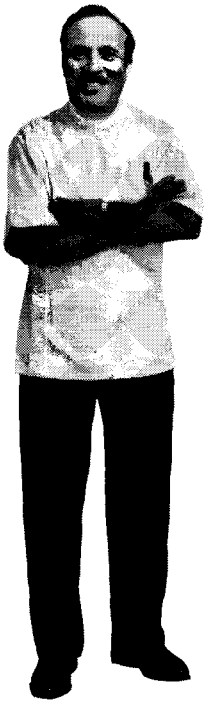

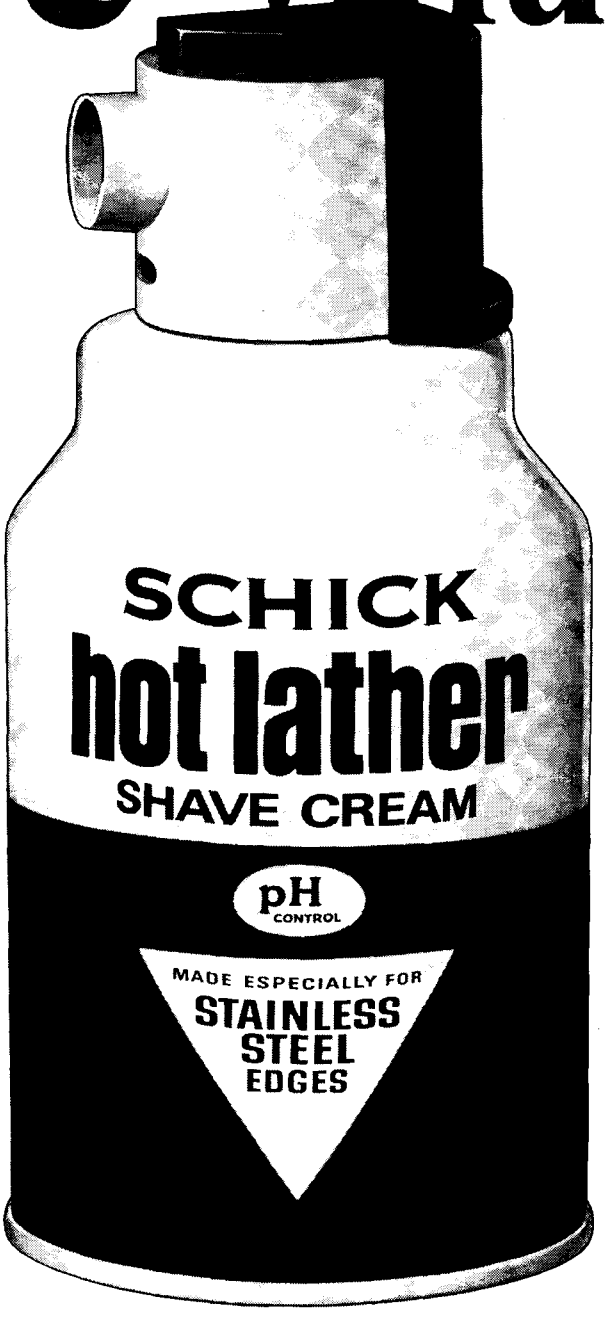

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The WEEK

● The suspense is killing us, LBJ. Will Hubert Humphrey be allowed to represent our government at the funeral of Queen Louise?

● That sweetheart contract between Governor Rockefeller and Manhattan's Mayor Wagner is still in force. Rocky has shoved Senator Javits and Congressman Lindsay out of the mayoralty race, thereby greatly enhancing Wagner's chances for a thumping victory. In the meanwhile Rocky has to give at least the impression of being a Republican, and so he convened the party elders last week to discuss the ticklish business of picking a mayoralty candidate who would do the most for the opposition. A list of F*I*F*T*E*E*N world-famous millionaires, scholars, diplomats, and similar hacks was drawn up and declared to be top secret. Rocky wants to delay the race as much as possible, so the Democrats will help him with his Great Society plans in Albany.

● Art Buchwald, whose jolly column is syndicated through the *New York Herald Tribune,* said it for us when he wrote about "President Goldwater" on March 9, a man who would send Marines into North Vietnam, institute a tit-for-tat policy, be trigger-happy, use jet bombers, and so on. "It all seems far-fetched when you read it," says Buchwald, "and I may have let my imagination run away with itself, because even Barry Goldwater, had he become President, wouldn't have gone so far. But fortunately, with President Johnson at the helm, we don't even have to think about it."

● New York's retiring GOP chairman Fred Young recently introduced Governor Rockefeller as the man who "helped to save America" from "what happened in Nazi Germany, in Fascist Italy and in Communist Russia." Young was referring, he explained, to Rockefeller's part in defeating the GOP ticket in 1964. Conservatives owe him a debt of gratitude for his candid assessment of Rockefeller's work during the campaign.

● *Barron's* points out that the U.S. has lost almost $700 million in gold in the last 100 days, and that the outflow may accelerate this year because foreign creditors will be settling 1965 and part of 1964's accounts, and because dollars held by the less-developed countries may be given in payment of trade balances with Europe, which doesn't want to increase its dollar holdings. The recently signed law reducing the role of gold as a domestic banking reserve made about $5 billion of gold available immediately for international payment. The Johnson Administration had hoped that making more gold available would raise foreign confidence in our ability to pay, and so reduce foreign demands for payment. Apparently that hope was forlorn. Foreigners, seeing more gold available, are simply asking for more of it.

● New York and Connecticut are going to pay for a $5 million program to put the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway back on its tracks. As recently as 1960, the three or four states served by this royal and ancient line received $6,035,000 per year in local taxes, not to mention payroll taxes at the state level and about $6 million in federal payroll taxes. Anyway, it's nice to think that the New Haven will get back some small fraction of its investment in government.

● Harriet van Horne, the Scripps-Howard columnist who spends most of her time on the verge of the rising gorge, went airborne the other day over the prospect of John Glenn following in the footsteps (wayward footsteps to Miss van Horne) of Ulysses Grant, Charles Lindbergh and Eddie Rickenbacker. Col. Glenn has associated himself with something smelly and right-wing called the Freedoms Foundation, whose president, Kenneth Wells, once "screamed" over TV (Miss van Horne's beat used to be TV—today TV, tomorrow the world), "I want to talk to you Marxists and traitors out there. Get this and get it straight. Get the message, comrades. This country's twenty-year Rip van Winkle sleep is over!" Well, we've often noticed that odd effect that dozing in front of the set seems to create, how it seems to amplify the sound. RIP, van Horne.

● Edwin A. Link, an oceanographer, has predicted wondrous things of oceanic research. We could, he says, if we set our minds to it, find vastly increased quantities of seafood, if we fertilized the seawater. And we'd have more reservoirs of fresh water if we tapped the suboceanic wells. And the known oil reserves would be magnified if we looked into submarine petroleum fields (the workmen would live on the ocean floor in drip-dry domes). Oh yes, and we'd put maybe an end to hurricanes by piping cool water from the mucky benthic deeps up to the very surface of the seas, to cool the air down, and stop those superheated swirlings that attract such terrible names as Althea, Brunhilde, Cora, Delia. . . . Think about it. Put yourself on the ocean floor, and ask yourself if you'd pay your taxes.

● The public record includes a letter from Hank Suydam of the Washington bureau of *Life* Magazine

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to Ed Thompson, an editor of *Life,* in which Attorney General Robert Kennedy is shown to have been active in shaping a story for *Life* by Teamster official Sam Baron during the time when Teamster boss Jimmy Hoffa was being hotly pursued by the Attorney General's department. "I told Kennedy of your high interest," wrote Suydam, "and he is delighted. He made the suggestion that the piece go into Baron's background and philosophy somewhat, to help explain his disgust with Hoffa. . . . Kennedy believes deeply that this is not a case of sour grapes, but of a man acting out of conscience. . . . Kennedy thinks the break will be understood better in light of his total life. . . . Bob agrees that a ghost writer makes sense, and is agreeable to Graves and a writer you trust being brought into the picture at this point. . . ." Last week, having demanded the chair, Senator Robert Kennedy testified that he had done nothing but introduce Baron to *Life.* "He asked me to put him in touch with somebody who would relate what he had undergone as a Teamster official. I made that arrangement. I did nothing else."

● Senator Fulbright often knoweth not what of he speaketh, and his timing can be frightful. Just as he was lambasting Paris the other day as a city of "sophisticated debauchery and artistic pocket-picking" the most sophisticated debaucher of them all, Mr. Maurice Girodias, announced that he could no longer do business in Paris and was clearing out and moving to the States, to set up shop there. Girodias, who describes himself as "an active and conscious pornographer," is head of the Olympia Press and publisher of, among others, Jean Genet's *The Thief's Journal* and William Burroughs' *The Naked Lunch.* Girodias, apparently, is not afraid of the Puritan ethic.

● Economic sanctions against South Africa? Forget it. The UN, where African and Asian delegates have been working since 1946 to pass such a measure, is too shaky and too poor to enforce it. A naval blockade of South African ports, excluding land and air restrictions, would cost $350 million a year. The Afro-Asians are expected to turn to alternate lines of attack, for example, a plan to stunt South Africa's rapid economic growth by instituting anti-Verwoerd campaigns of industrial sabotage and subversion, at the same time bringing moral pressure to bear on the West's great trading powers to cut their South African investments, which at the moment are spectacularly on the rise.

● At the demonstrations over Selma that were staged in many cities beginning March 9, identical placards appeared as if by magical coincidence: "Out of Saigon and Into Selma."

Who's Responsible Now?

In 1954 Senator Lyndon Johnson sponsored legislation denying tax exemption to groups engaging in "any political campaign on behalf of any candidate for public office." In 1964 said Lyndon Johnson became a candidate for the highest public office in the land, and his campaign stressed his "Responsibility" as against the well-known "Extremism" of his opponent.

Curiously, in the heat of this campaign there was founded the National Council for Civic Responsibility, a "non-political" group dedicated to fighting Extremism.

Curiouser, this non-political event was splashy front-page news, especially in newspapers supporting Lyndon Johnson.

And curiouser, it was learned that some persons were being employed by the Council on a now-until-Nov. 3 arrangement.

The shape of Responsibility was made clear when the NCCR promptly finagled a tax-exempt gimmick. After all, Arthur Larson (Mr. "Modern Republican"), the Council's chairman, had said that there was no connection between the "foundation of the Council at this time" and the campaign.

There wasn't much to do about it then except remark the curiosities and wait for the NCCR to close up shop a decent interval after Nov. 3. It closed up shop the first week of February. Exactly eleven days after *that* non-political event, the *New York Times* splashed the story all over page nineteen.

Now it turns out that the Council was financed by the Democratic Party!

For the three months the NCCR survived the election, it appeared that Responsibility might have the last laugh on Extremism (*e.g.,* us).

Look Magazine jumped to the Council's aid in its special issue on "Conspiracy USA" (theme: the Internal Threat from the right-wing Conspiracy did not end in the November landslide). It did a character sketch of Arthur Larson that expertly captured the pithy soul of Responsibility: "Arthur Larson is a tall, blond, dignified scholar on a voyage into wonderland. After years of academic work and moderate Republican politics, he is chairman of the National Council for Civic Responsibility. . . .

"Recently, Larson sat in his director's office at the World Rule of Law Center, Duke University, and pondered the rise of extremism. He told *Look*: 'There was always this dilemma of whether to talk back to the Right Wing or ignore them. I always took the position that they should be extremely ignored, but while a lot of us were maintaining that aloof posture, there was this Niagara of noxious literature . . . I wish now we'd started sooner.'

"A winter-sleepy wasp buzzed at the office win-

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Focus on WASHINGTON

For five long years — since he fumbled a keynote speech at the Democratic Convention in 1960 — Senator Frank Church (D., Ida.) has been looking for an issue to "grow on." He thought he had found it in Vietnam, and no wonder. When the Senate Majority Leader, Mike Mansfield, calls for an open debate on our Vietnam policy; when Richard Russell, the powerful chairman of the Senate Armed Forces Committee, and an old crony of LBJ, starts to worry, publicly, about the course of events in Southeast Asia, well, what's a young senator to conclude if not that LBJ has decided he wants out? So concluded Senator Church late in January, and in no time at all he was appearing on national TV, signing articles in national magazines, making speeches on the floor of the Senate, coming out four-square for quitting. Alas for the Senator, his campaign coincided with the White House decision to carry the air war to North Vietnam, escalation or no escalation. No one was more dismayed by this LBJ "reversal"—as Senator Church persists in calling it—than the good Senator, except perhaps Ho Chi Minh. To rub salt on Senator Church's wounds, Gale McGee, a freshman senator from Wyoming who campaigned on anything but a hard anti-Communist line, has taken the opposite tack and even rebuked Church for his weak-kneed stand.

◆ With the war on South Vietnam entering a new phase, the Pentagon apparently has realized the importance of more on-the-spot reports of what the fighting is like out there. The same officials who were not too keen weeks ago about American news correspondents nosing around Vietnam have now reversed their stand. About sixty reporters already have been given round-trip tickets to Saigon at the order of Secretary McNamara. When they arrive in Vietnam they get a military escort and are encouraged to visit the troops in the field (although some get no farther than the Caravelle Bar). McNamara's Tour has a long waiting list and a trip to Saigon is now somewhat of a status symbol among Washington newsmen.

◆ Who doesn't like the junior senator from New York? The senior senator for one. Bobby Kennedy, seeming all unconscious that freshmen senators should be seen and not heard, has twice at least scooped senior Senator Jacob Javits in announcing huge poverty grants to New York, possibly but not provably, because he got wind of the grants from poverty czar Sargent Shriver, his brother-in-law. Kennedy also managed to add thirteen New York counties to the so-called Appalachia bill, the first such maneuver by a freshman senator within memory. His diligent dissection of the Administration education bill drew well-deserved applause from his colleagues as well as from the press. Aside from these activities Kennedy has also been busily at work assembling the kind of staff that swept his older brother to the Democratic nomination in 1960. There are persistent rumors that Assistant Secretary of Labor Daniel (Pat) Moynihan will resign to become Kennedy's staff man in New York. It is said, too, that Adam Walinsky, a former colleague of Kennedy's in the Justice Department and a razor sharp lawyer, will resign his present job to join Kennedy's Capitol Hill crew. And it looks as if Columbia's Jacques Barzun could end up as Bobby's Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

◆ Under Secretary of Commerce Franklin Delano Roosevelt Jr. was mad that President Johnson passed him up as a successor to Luther Hodges as Secretary of Commerce (Johnson has promoted two other under secretaries to the top spot). Now he's being boomed to run against Nelson Rockefeller in 1966, which could shatter the uneasy Wagner-Rockefeller alliance and place a going Kennedy-Roosevelt combo in command of New York Democratic politics and of the state itself. FDR Jr. was one of Jack Kennedy's earliest supporters.

—CATO

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dow. Larson casually swatted it, then went on. . . ."

And on, and on. Perhaps not until one envies that winter-sleepy wasp does one fully savor the scandal uncovered by columnist Jack Anderson, sitting in for Drew Pearson's "Washington Merry-Go-Round."

Wrote Anderson on March 3, "This column has now traced undercover contributions from the Democratic National Committee to an outfit that was formed with great fanfare last September to answer the hate propaganda flooding the country.

"The secret payments went indirectly to the National Council for Civic Responsibility, which was founded by more than 100 distinguished Americans. . . .

"The NCCR was formed on too short notice to obtain a tax exemption. So the Democrats quietly arranged with the Public Affairs Institute, a tax-exempt foundation, to take it over.

"This permitted the Council to solicit tax-deductible contributions. The biggest donation, however, was a fat $50,000 check from the Democratic National Committee's 'book fund.' Later, the Democrats handed over another $10,000 in cash. They also arranged for the New York public relations firm, Ruder and Finn, to handle the Council's publicity and conduct a fund-raising drive.

"After the election, Ruder and Finn submitted expense vouchers amounting to $67,000 to the tax-exempt Public Affairs Institute. Yet several of the vouchers mentioned the Democratic National Committee by name. . . .

"Once President Johnson was elected, of course, the Democratic Party lost interest in subsidizing the campaign." Of course.

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And that's when the NCCR folded—reportedly for "lack of funds."

Obviously, all this left the tall, blond, dignified Arthur Larson either naughty or stupid. NATIONAL REVIEW wired him to find out which. He pleaded stupid.

"Thank you for opportunity to comment on Jack Anderson column," he wired responsibly back. "As far as I am concerned personally, I had no knowledge that, prior to my connection with the Council, these funds had been made available, and no way of knowing it. If I had, I might have suggested to the Republicans that they make a similar contribution"—this would of course have doubled the illegality—"since God knows the Republicans have suffered far more at the hands of right-wing extremism than the Democrats. By the time I learned of this background preceding the formation of the Council and my connection with it,"—how does a responsible man behave when he learns of wrongdoing?—"I had found I would have to resign in any event because of the pressure of my writing commitments," which he details, as if they mattered.

In other words, a responsible man, confronted with scandal and possibly illegality, clams up. Or perhaps if one is as responsible as Arthur Larson has shown himself to be all along, one feels one doesn't have to trifle with evasion of the law.

What's Going on Here?

Suddenly, on many fronts, there is an apparent hardening of the line. It's plain to see in Vietnam. The Marines have landed—symbol of symbols—and more may be on the way. U.S. fighter planes and bombers have taken off so often in recent weeks for strikes north of the 17th parallel in Vietnam and against the Pathet Lao that news of the strikes no longer rates the scare headlines of a month ago. The Administration hints that the mighty Seventh Fleet may soon be patrolling the North Vietnam coastline. Dean Rusk, asked if the U.S. would like to sit down at the negotiating table with Ho Chi Minh and his allies, sounds completely unlike his old self when he responds, "Not interested." U Thant is rebuked, not thanked, for suggesting all would be well if only we'd remove those "advisers."

But Vietnam is only one part of the story. In the past ten days—if you look around the world—you will read that the United States has decided to remove its USIA libraries from Indonesia in response to the last half dozen insults from Sukarno. Members of the AID staff in Indonesia, some of them recently arrived, are being transferred to other posts. Malaysia, which complained as recently as January that the U.S. was making it all but impossible for her to buy American fighter planes, is quietly given a $4 million credit—to buy military hardware. In Latin America, we announce new aid programs and credits for British Guiana, now that the Communist-oriented Premier Cheddi Jagan is out. In the Middle East, where President Nasser has been making things tough for the United States, the news is leaked that surplus U.S. food supplies will be channeled to a private agency which will channel them, in turn, to those portions of northern Yemen still held by royalist forces that Nasser has been trying to crush for the past couple of years. It's not a direct affront to Nasser—the operation will be carried through by a still unnamed private charitable organization—but it could be a warning flag, an indication that there are limits to all things, even the patience of the United States.

Are these just isolated incidents, of no importance? Do they portend a major strategic turn in U.S. foreign policy, a decision to take a hard line against aggression of all sorts and to protect every last acre of the free world? Probably not. Certainly it's too soon to pronounce the verdict, one way or the other. But these are signs of at least a temporary tactical turn, of a cool-headed effort to test out the will of our own people, of our allies and of the enemy.

One lesson we may learn from the foreign policy

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shift of recent weeks is that World Opinion—before which our policy-makers have quailed for so long—is a paper tiger. The first attacks on North Vietnam brought forth the by-now-ritualistic marches and attacks on U.S. embassies and USIA libraries in all the expected places. The usual papers carried the usual editorials blasting the imperialist. The usual neutralists made the usual speeches. But nothing of significance (that a few glaziers couldn't put to rights) occurred. World Opinion must have been out to lunch, or maybe, like Harvey, it's been in our minds all this time.

The Selma Campaign

Several years ago we met, by chance, a native resident (white) of Selma, Alabama, in business there and a fair sample, it was our impression, of the white merchants and businessmen of his state's towns. The discussion, to no one's surprise, moved on to racial questions, and after some arguing back and forth, he laid down an axiom: "No man," he stated, "has a basis to talk about the civil rights movement unless he has spent Saturday night in Selma, Alabama." It sounded a little far-fetched then, Selma not having theretofore been conspicuous in our geography. Maybe he had some sort of point, though; Selma has made itself the primary focus of the globe the last few weeks; just about everyone is turning up there, we see by the pictures in the papers.

What are they all up to? What do they think they will really be able to accomplish? We doubt that many of them know, on either side of the tear gas launchers. They don't like the situation they confront, so, as is a common habit of human beings when conditions distress them, they feel they must *do* something about it, even though they have no idea *what* to do or even what they want. Does Governor Wallace really believe he can maintain Alabama as an isolated enclave of racialist stability? He is not so foolish. Does Martin Luther King really believe the Negroes of Alabama are going to be a happy lot if only they get their names on the voting list? Dr. King is much too smart a man for such nonsense. As for the greater part of those nice clergymen and elderly ladies who have been taking to flocking around these shambles, they have given up thinking when the civil rights reflex is jolted and the guitars strike up "We Shall Overcome"; the rednecks never started.

Sheriff Clark and his boys, the white toughs and the possemen are a trigger for nausea, all right; and those Alabama state cops, in appearance and behavior, are no Prince Charmings. But so much self-righteous selective moralizing is shoveled out through every global medium that it becomes, one would think, a duty to mention, in a phrase or two, that the lineup of the contest is not precisely Good Angels *vs.* Bad. Dr. King has his speeches pat about helping Selma's oppressed to exercise their constitutional right to vote, but it's hard to see what the below-21ers and out-of-towners who flesh out his lines at the courthouse have to do with voting in Selma; and more than once his local troops declined to sign up when their turn finally came at the registration table. All Americans have a right to assembly and petition, but no court has ever suggested that this right extends to the deliberate blocking of public highways and bridges, the entrances and corridors of public buildings and the offices of public officials—all such being normal and repeated features of Dr. King's present as of his past campaigning. Many citizens are lulled to hear Dr. King renounce the use of violence, but some citizens have come to wonder just where the moral as well as legal line is to be drawn between using violence and —knowingly, deliberately—provoking violence that the nature of the given situation makes sure to come. And there are also some, even among Dr. King's admirers, who would prefer to have a less close correlation between these headline-seizing civil rights battles and the fund drives of his own and other civil rights organizations—rather like that correlation between submarine scares on the Atlantic coast and submission of naval budget requests to Congress.

None of these items, some weighty, others trivial, gives justification for the undoubted and indefensible violation of Negro rights by the State of Alabama and its officials. But, objectively considered, the balance in morality and equity becomes so complex and confused that it is a kind of relief to change perspective to the colder issues of strategy. So viewed, there is no doubt at all the Rev. Martin Luther King has out-maneuvered and out-fought the State of Alabama. Dr. King has again shown his very considerable mastery over the methods and arts of modern psycho-political warfare. He has used Selma as a lever to move public opinion and the

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Student Capers

Moscow's students favor ink;
Cairo's concentrate on stink.
Indonesians use mud
Or catsup, 'cause it looks like *blood.*
Prague's prefer a party song
Presented as a sing-along.
(Cubans see our Embassy
As if it were a whiffletree.)
Guess they're getting Lyndon's goat:
Rusk just wrote another note.

W. H. VON DREELE

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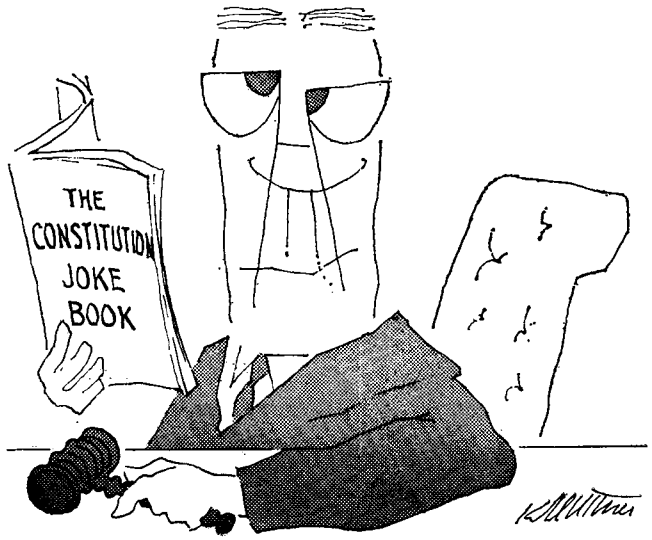
national government in his chosen direction. There was nothing in the Selma situation that guaranteed him so favorable an outcome as, at this writing, he is gaining, if his opponents had shown more intelligence and flexibility in their counter-measures. Blind prejudice, big-bellied bullhorned sheriffs and club-swinging cops are not enough equipment for government in our time.

Students, Teachers, Bureaucrats

University campuses are stirring, as they normally do under the sign of the vernal equinox, but this year there seems to be more substance and less prank than usual. The crowds and meetings and picketings, moreover, link up, loosely at least, with an irregular line of episodes that have owed nothing to the moon and season. Students in increasing number do seem to be breaking out of the postwar lethargy that everyone remarked on the campuses until the last couple of years. Who would have dreamed, even a year ago, of defiant demonstrations at St. John's, largest Catholic university in the country?

What explains the outbursts? From our reading of the record, answers must be tentative and complex. It would be simple and easy if we could conclude it is, say, Sex or Communism or bad manners; but it would be, also, false and stupid—though it is false and stupid, too, to think that bad manners, Communism and Sex are playing no part at all. Undoubtedly the civil rights movement has had a big part to play; in fact, the first noticeable actions in the breakout from lethargy centered around civil rights issues. Many students, for good, bad and in-



"Here's my favorite: 'The enumeration in the Constitution of certain rights shall not be construed to deny or disparage others retained by the people.'"

different reasons, have been ardently sympathetic with the civil rights movement; and many operators, both students and non-students, have skilfully exploited those sympathies to their own purposes. "Freedom of speech"—given this time a rather special new meaning that includes the right of students to agitate and recruit, on campus, for organizations and causes committed to civil disobedience, and to parade obscenities in public—figures frequently, and has been the ostensible rallying cry at Berkeley. At St. John's the fuss started over a traditional faculty demand for more voice in educational policy matters than the institution's paternalistic despotism has allowed.

But whatever the starting occasion, two related issues seem to emerge somewhere along the line during nearly all these campus ruckuses: "the reduction of the student to an IBM card," the decay of the teacher-student relationship. The students, a student or faculty member begins to explain, are no longer treated as individuals in the bureaucratized mass university. They are at the bottom of the Table of Organization, mere mass products turned out to justify appropriations, and the *teaching* teachers are almost as low. The administration is at the lofty top —in power, prestige and salaries—working hand in glove with the research professors who get the huge grants from government and industry. Classes are giant mass assemblies. Teaching is a latrine-level task assigned to graduate students, teaching fellows and low-caste faculty members. Even in liberal arts colleges—as the case of Richard Bernstein, that set off the Yale demonstrations, has been dramatizing—the effective teaching of students ranks much below the writing of papers, any sort of paper, for the trade journals of the Academy; "publish or perish" is the law for faculty advancement.

These two issues are neither artificial nor arbitrary. It is a fact that university education has become more and more bureaucratized, with the correlative reduction of the student, more and more, to a statistic. It is a fact that in most of our colleges and universities teaching is no longer much honored or rewarded. And it is proper that there should be sorrow and complaint at the disappearance of humane relations between school and student, between teacher and pupil; few relationships among human beings are of deeper spiritual and intellectual as well as social significance, as those know who have had the great fortune, in the course of their school careers, to sit before a true teacher. Bureaucratization of the universities and denigration of the teacher are no doubt inevitable consequences of mass, industrialized society. ("Is not the university, after all, a welfare state in miniature?" Allan C. Brownfield, a secondary school teacher, asks in a thoughtful and also hopeful article on "Student Rebels" printed in the

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March issue of the YAF magazine, the *New Guard.*) But it is not yet certain we must accept them passively in the degree they have gone and are going. Protest is in order, first and most relevantly from the campuses themselves. And change toward the better is not excluded, as Russell Kirk hopefully explains elsewhere in these pages.

Surely conservatives should be the first to defend the personal and humane values threatened by these two linked trends, and it is symptomatic that in certain stages of the recent campus affairs (at Berkeley, Yale and St. John's, for example) there has been a common front from Right to far Left. ("The ancient hope of being a man with his own clearly defined identity, being free to make the important choices in one's life, is born anew in each generation," Mr. Brownfield writes.) Often, as the episode develops, conservatives become repelled, and withdraw as the anarchists, assorted leftists and slobs succeed in taking over "the movement" and turning it into a controlled political or nihilist channel. YAF and other conservative and moderate student organizations will do well to study this new series of campus actions in order to discriminate more carefully between their plus and minus elements and to discover more effective ways to prevent the honest negations and generous enthusiasm of the students from being manipulated by professional revolutionaries, cynics and delinquents.

The Strong Arm of the Law

The Civil Rights Act has been law for only a little over two months, yet it already promises to be the source of much legalistic confusion, civic chaos and bureaucratic malpractice. Section 601 of Title VI, "Nondiscrimination in Federally Assisted Programs," provides that "no person in the United States shall, on the ground of race, color or national origin, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving federal financial assistance." No provision is made for the compulsory integration of said programs or activities, and indeed Title IV of the Act, following *Brown* vs. *Board of Education,* explicitly rules that in the matter of public education " 'desegregation' shall not mean the assignment of students to public schools in order to overcome racial imbalance." All of which follows the Constitution, or at least an interpretation of it which the Supreme Court recently saw fit to countenance on several separate occasions when it refused to intervene in lower-court rulings (Gary, Kansas City, New York) which denied any constitutional compulsion to integrate.

But in practice federal assistance seems to operate under a different set of rules. There is the case of school integration in the South, which the U.S. Office of Education is supervising with millions of dollars in federal funds to extend or to withdraw as local school districts satisfy, or fail to satisfy, its requirements for desegregation. A federal guideline memorandum issued by this Office makes clear that it will not accept less than total and immediate capitulation to the Office's goal of desegregation for all by autumn, 1965. The guideline even suggests how school officials may know they are doing right: "The real question for any district is the extent to which it wishes to risk disapproval of its plans."

Could any edict for divisiveness go further? Is this what is meant by Section 602, Title VI, under which the Office has established a special enforcement section, when it speaks of taking action "to effectuate the provisions of section 601 [see above]," said action to be "consistent with achievement of the objectives of the statute authorizing the financial assistance in connection with which the action is taken"? Ends and means, gentlemen.

Then there is the case of a federal anti-poverty grant of $132,000 to Louisiana which the Office of Economic Opportunity is holding up because Governor McKeithen, say the local civil rights forces, has appointed an "extremist" and a "segregationist" to help administer it. No charge that they carried out any segregationist *acts.* No appeal, no hearing, no face-the-accusers. And no basis, dare we suggest? in the law of the land.

Administration spokesmen assure us that federal funds for medical care "do not entail any federal control." Believe it when the federal bosses cease dictating to their subjects the meaning of the law.

Notes and Asides

In a review of the new edition of Rebecca West's *The New Meaning of Treason* (*NR,* Feb. 23), Garry Wills made a parenthetical reference to P. G. Wodehouse which, in the given syntactical framework, permits derogatory inferences concerning his wartime conduct. A medley of stories, most of them fictional and some of them deliberate lies, arose out of the circumstances of Mr. Wodehouse's year's confinement in German prison camps and his and his wife's later restricted residence in Berlin and Paris, under German surveillance. There is no basis for stating or suggesting that his actions, then or at any time, were disloyal. Mr. Wills and the editors of NATIONAL REVIEW regret the wording of the sentence referring to Mr. Wodehouse, and retract any derogatory significance that it may have implied or suggested.

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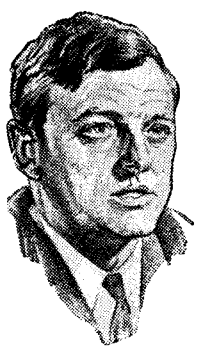
ON THE RIGHT

The Birth Rate

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

The problem of birth control edges forward into the political consciousness of America, as we come to recognize that it is not exclusively a moral issue. Although it remains a private matter how many children a couple chooses to procreate, it is increasingly apparent that the decision that couple arrives at has considerable social consequences. This is so merely in the commonplace sense that families who beget more children than they can afford to raise and educate end up impinging on the precarious reserves that the affluent quite properly provide for the indigent: in some countries that looms as the largest consideration, but in others it does not. In such countries as Nigeria it is a devastating fact that the birth rate absorbs and then overcomes the increase in annual productivity. In such countries the birth rate may be decisive to economic health. In others—America for instance—it would be a long long time before the birth rate so encumbered the rise in the gross national product as to reverse its direction.



Buckley

God Not Niggardly

As regards the problem of the overpopulated countries, new attention is being given to the moral and political problems. God, in His infinite wisdom, gave us, to be sure, the means by which to multiply the fishes and the loaves to a quite miraculous extent. A few dozen Iowa farmers could have fed all the Chosen Land, and the entire Roman Empire could have eaten well off the annual produce of the State of Minnesota. But the dour Dr. Malthus obstinately remarked that the earth is finite. We paid him no heed. In the exuberance of our productive glut we tended to assume that the procreative energies of the world could not possibly overtake our productive ingenuity. Well they have. And the world is up against it. In different ways, as I have remarked. Solutions for today and tomorrow are perhaps not so difficult to contrive—send tractors to India, and hybrid corn to Egypt. But the day after tomorrow?

There is a general stirring. There is, for instance, pressure against religious restrictions, or what are commonly thought of as such, against the dissemination of birth control information. In Connecticut, for instance, suit has been taken to the Supreme Court challenging the constitutionality of an old law against the use of contraceptives. The issue is tangled up in religious prejudices: I say prejudices because a) it is commonly supposed, and indeed it is partly true, that the Catholic population of Connecticut stands adamant against the repeal of such a law, even though b) the law itself was passed a century ago at the urging of Protestant councils, and c) some very well known Catholic spokesmen, for instance Fr. John Courtney Murray, oppose the law and wish for its repeal. In New York, a 75-year-old statute denying to the public welfare agencies the right to disseminate knowledge about the techniques of birth control is being circumnavigated by sophistical reasoning. And of course at the federal level we remember the anxiety of the Eisenhower Administration when faced with the question whether Point Four should include information about birth control.

The Catholic Church is, by common understanding, the bastion of resistance, because of its widely recognized stand against "birth control." In fact the Catholic Church is busily re-examining the premises of existing regulations on the subject. Meticulous moral theologians have carefully pointed out that the Church would not need to modify any existing dogma in order to sanction certain kinds of activity whose result would be birth control. What exactly that activity is, what are its limits, what are the moral consequences of the refinement of its position?—these are questions that thunder across the consciences of the most active theologians of the Church. Last week an English priest, going further than the accepted theology at the moment permits, was called to Rome for discipline, having blurted out his approval of contraceptive birth control. A Catholic doctor in Boston has written a book backing the use of regulatory pills as, in effect, agents of birth control, and although he has been perfunctorily disavowed by the hierarchy, he has not been exactly anathematized—precisely because the problem is undergoing a most intensive examination.

The fact of the matter is that a solution must be found. That old dog Malthus turned out to be very substantially correct in his dire predictions, and there seems to be no point in waiting until the United States is like India before moving in on the problem. It is axiomatic to the Christian faith that God did not burden us with any insoluble dilemmas, and that therefore He will grace the moral theologians with the insight into the correct solution. But the time-table is not necessarily of God's making: and all Christians must therefore think hard about the problem. Confident, yes, that a solution will suggest itself, but only insofar as they press forward in search for it—which they should do well before the day when, to press forward towards the solution of any problem, is to commit mayhem upon one's nearest neighbor.

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The Third World War

What Are We Doing in Vietnam?

JAMES BURNHAM

Our fellow-citizens now calling for immediate negotiation on Vietnam and speedy withdrawal make a point of "the impossibility" of winning the war. This alleged impossibility seems to be an article rather of faith than of reason; it is merely asserted, without evidence or proof. But it is asserted with such confidence by the Softs as to affect many of those who want to be Hards. Everyone begins to *assume* that the war could not be won. The debate shifts ground: it becomes no longer a question of winning or losing, of holding firm in Southeast Asia or withdrawing, but simply of *when* to withdraw —right away or a bit later.

Burnham

In the last issue of *NR,* Anthony Harrigan cut through the assumption. On the basis of his own observations in Vietnam, he affirmed his agreement with the belief of our soldiers in the field that we *can* win the war. In the *New York Times Magazine,* Feb. 21, Hanson Baldwin expressed the same conviction, and explained why the winning of the war is the only proper objective.

The Vietnam war has its peculiar features, but it belongs to a class of revolutionary guerrilla ("irregular") wars that has numerous other instances in this postwar period, and is part of a still broader class often exemplified in prior history at least as far back as the Peloponnesian Wars. The anti-revolutionary side (let us call it that, though frequently both sides are in one sense or another revolutionary) has lost some of these wars and won some.

It won in Greece, where the key strategic and political problems were rather similar to those in South Vietnam today, and the geography, however different from tropical jungle, was like Vietnam's in being both difficult and guerrilla-favoring. The anti-revolutionaries won in Malaya, where the similarities are very nearly complete, and in the Philippines. They won in Guatemala and have held in Venezuela. The Portuguese, under circumstances in all respects more unfavorable than ours in Vietnam, seem to have done pretty well in Angola. In Kenya the Mau Mau was defeated militarily; the British withdrawal was the result of political, not military, factors. Nor were the French militarily defeated when they withdrew from Algeria.

Of course all these revolutionary wars have been difficult, "dirty" and long-drawn-out ("protracted," as Mao puts it). And in a sense they are not "finally" won or lost, since they are in reality not merely local "civil wars" but local campaigns in the struggle for the world that is the determining thread of our entire epoch. However they start, the great antagonists are inevitably drawn in. No matter which side wins the given round, the germs of a later outbreak remain. But there is no objective reason in the military dimension why the anti-revolutionary side cannot win the Vietnam campaign as definitely as it did in Greece, Malaya, the Philippines and Guatemala.

Uncle Samaritan

The spokesmen for the U.S. Government offer an inadequate and unconvincing motive for our intervention. In the Johnson as in the Kennedy and Eisenhower Administrations, they insist that we seek only to defend the right of the South Vietnamese people to choose their own mode of government, and that we help against the Vietcong only because it is essentially a foreign force interfering with that choice. According to the official explanation, our troops and technicians are in South Vietnam in response to a request by the legitimate government to assist it—by "advice" and economic aid—against an external aggressor.

That is really preposterous in the face of what has been going on in South Vietnam and what we have been doing there. The U.S. statements have come to seem either silly, fraudulent or hypocritical. As a consequence they are vulnerable targets for the domestic and foreign opponents of U.S. policy, and the more so as, a) the South Vietnamese population grows weary of the war; b) the successive coups drain legitimacy out of the Saigon government; c) the U.S. role progresses several orders of magnitude beyond "advice"; and d) we escalate the quality and range of the fighting.

Watch that Formula

No doubt these formulas ("at the request of a friendly government," "to help defend freedom against aggression," etc.) are thought to be diplomatically convenient. They may easily turn into traps. What if a new coup or counter-coup produces a government in Saigon that orders a ceasefire, joins the National Liberation Front, asks us to start packing? This is not excluded, is even likely. What if North Vietnam and its allies did stop all traceable aid, and yet the war continued? Our formulas would tumble about our ears.

If we have an excuse for being in South Vietnam, it can only be *our own* security. Our security would be critically threatened by the advance of the Communist enterprise into Southeast Asia and the South Seas; we therefore resist that advance by what means are necessary. Resistance is the means, also, of protecting the freedom of the local nations and serving the long-term interests of the local inhabitants, and we are therefore present in their country as their allies and friends.

Our action, however, should not be made dependent on their possibly changing wishes but on our own interest and decision. Our action, if successful, will incidentally make possible a free, peaceful Laos and South Vietnam, but its fundamental aim should be to meet the challenge of the Communist enterprise. Only thus understood can our action in Southeast Asia be effectively conducted, intelligibly explained and convincingly justified.

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Peace at the Hilton

Speakers at Robert Hutchins' ecumenical convocation did their best to adopt Pope John's 'Pacem in Terris' as the Appeasers' Bible, Authorized Version

GARRY WILLS

The new Hilton hotel in New York looks vaguely like the UN building, and recently it sounded like it as well. After sitting through a three-day *agape* on Pope John XXIII's last encyclical *Pacem in Terris,* I am convinced that, whatever we pay our delegates to the UN, it is too little.

As a matter of rite, the Convocation on *Pacem in Terris* formally opened in the UN building itself, and from that mesocephalic shrine the fire was carried in hundreds of taxicabs—like many Olympic torches being run to the new hearth—toward Mr. Hilton's 2,000-celled honeycomb at Rockefeller Center. But before the sparks scattered, in the vatic precinct itself, Hubert Humphrey spoke from the tripod: "We meet in the hall of an institution which is in the throes of growing pains . . ." (one must speak no ill-omened words about reality at the beginning of a ceremony such as this; as a matter of fact, the UN was suffering the worst defeat so far on the payments issue—a defeat that was frankly labeled as such by later speakers in the Convocation).

No Policy? Try Prophecy

Still, the believers suffered the induced religious vision; the great walls began to wamble in their "throes," parturition labors to throw off the new little UN across town. The Vice President called up a vision of "soldiers of peace in blue berets . . . who keep tabs on the armistice line along the 38th parallel in Korea." (There was no mention of the blue berets that bloomed and withered ineffectually in the Congo.) Humphrey then suggested he would like to see some blue berets in Vietnam—which means the U.S. no longer knows what to do about the Asian situation, so (in the image of John Paton Davies) Alcoholics Anonymous will send its worst incurable to the WCTU. The organization that cannot make its own members pay dues will make the Vietcong cease its aggressions. When policy fails, try prophecy. It was an appropriate prelude to a meeting long on prophecy and short on policy.

Our host, Robert Hutchins of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, opened the first full working day with the pious cliché that this is no time for pious platitudes and clichés. Then Paul Tillich movingly warned us not to be utopian. Then Linus Pauling explained that the whole Vietnam mess was caused by United States repression of free

procedure in 1956, and the only amends we can make now is to clear out of Vietnam immediately.

Lunch was a hectic and crowded affair, at assigned seats, for which one paid "cost only" according to the invitations—$8.50 for the rubbery roast beef standard at banquets. (Perhaps this was a gentle hint to reinforce the pamphlet passed out to all guests, a publication that discreetly reminded us Hutchins' Center is badly in need of donations. Still, many corporations had rallied round with cash for this bash—including $75,000 from *Time-Life.*) My assigned neighbor at the table was an ex-classics teacher who had the acumen to become an official of the steelworkers' union instead. I asked who was his man in the union election. Answer: Abel. Why? "Because he is a man of integrity, ideas, hard work, with new solutions and a feel for his men." Drum coda. End of conversation. (No refunds will be made on the next day's lunch tickets.)

My neighbor on the right was a sociologist who was trying to convince the *New Yorker* that the only way to understand the full brutality and repressiveness of the Berkeley administration would be to transpose the story behind the Iron Curtain and imagine the academicians in their true role as Commissars. As the last of the dishwater mousse went down, the *New Yorker* remained unconvinced. Next to him sat a cherubic retired businessman—one of the Cheerybles, without his brother—turned to philanthropy in his old age, and organizing UN fan clubs.

Edward Lamb (of the Center) was originally to preside over our lunch, and Paul-Henri Spaak was to address us over coffee; but we were told, instead, we must hurry our meal and get back into the ballroom. The TV cameras would not come to us, we must go to them. (The last day it was put this way when recalcitrants munched on: "We did not come here to eat, but to be spiritually refreshed, and *that* refreshment is in the next room.") If television cameras did the real presiding over the luncheon talks (and all others), the Press was the Convocation's real audience. Invited guests were there to give the television crews something to photograph when the platform got dull. The Press went to panel discussions from which the guests were excluded; it got transcripts of talks, closed-circuit TV, a larger dinner before the Convocation began, and meals without those silly seat assignments. In no time I realized

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I was a second-class citizen with my blue card (invited guest), and got on the phone to get a brown one (press) in order to slip past the grey ones (staff) to some of the more interesting features of the conference.

Although the journalists were not quite half the number of the guests, they seemed to outnumber them. For one thing, excluding the many nuns (who are ageless), the blue cards were pushing fifty as an average age —the men conservatively-dressed corporation and foundation types, the women (like one who pushed a petition at me across a crowded elevator) kindly and ancient, except for some younger ones eccentrically dressed and hard-faced and intent on the cause. By contrast, the brown cards were generally young and mobile; and for every nun with a blue card, there were ten priests with brown ones, representing (it must be) every tiny religious journal in the country. Catholics are going to hear about this one, all right.

Spaak said peace means the absence of *all* war (and we should therefore get out of Vietnam). Then N. N. Inozemstev of *Pravda* said that Russia had never done anything wrong, that the U.S. often does, that it is non-Marxian to *export* revolution (though not to *support* it), that peaceful coexistence is a Leninist (note: *not* Khrushchevian) doctrine, and that we should clear out of Vietnam.

Withering Away of The Wall?

George Kennan then said that we should recognize East Germany and watch the Berlin Wall dissolve under "the natural forces pressing for uniformity in the development of all modern societies." (When the human mind cannot solve problems, withdraw from the problem and let the Wave, or the Wind, or whatever mystic guise History is wearing in our leaders' present rhetoric, do all the work. Dr. George N. Shuster effectively answered this German proposal in the Convocation's last session.) Kennan perorated that we must make "an act of faith in the ultimate humanity and sobriety of the people on the other side," thus introducing one of the most persistent motifs of the meeting—one most frequently put in the form "We are all people." Pure specimens like those gathered in the Hilton mean, when they say that, that everyone else is as lovely as they are. Less rarefied types like me hear the phrase and think "He is just like me, therefore I should keep a sharper eye on him than ever." Tillich, in his opening address, warned the participants against taking "all men of good will" in a simplistic sense, as if any man's will were unambiguously good. It was a warning that went unheeded. "We are all men" could be translated, in most of its convocation occurrences, as "we are all angels."

Kennan got the best hand of the first day, from an audience where response was always strenuous. (People starved for laughter took it as a joke when Spaak said that it hurt his ears for us to applaud him, but it was a plain acoustic fact, as anyone knows who sat near one of the zealots with adamantine palms.) After Kennan had said what Kennan says, a member of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Poland got up and said what a member of the Polish Party must say. After that, a West German member of the Bundestag (Carlo Schmid) reminded us that Kennan had called, in the name of Pope John's letter, for acceptance and active encouragement of "a regime which is the negation of all the Encyclical asks for in the coexistence of men and nations." At one point Schmid remarked that the UN, far from being that supernatural Spirit-dove whose shadow was limned on the backdrop of the stage between the U.S. and UN flags, is simply "another form of power politics." Not an alternative to power politics. Simply a new mode for it. The truth was out for the moment. It is a wonder *these* walls did not wamble.

Going down the top speed escalators (if the machines had been labeled, the ill-omened word would probably have been changed during this convocation) murmurs of "Isn't it marvelous?" politely emit around the cigars, rapturously from within the coifs.

That night ten people lined up in a row before the cameras for the first "roundtable" discussion. The cast of these discussions was made up on the principle of a Susskind "Open End," not on any rational plan for developing a line of thought. One conjures up impish djinni when one tries to arrange a meeting of minds between Paul Tillich and Dagmar Wilson, between Marya Mannes and Hans Morgenthau, between Steve Allen and Henry Luce. On the first night, Hermann Kahn was cast as unreformed rumster to Dagmar Wilson's Carrie Nation. These people overflowing with love made it clear that they considered it altogether too strange to love Mr. Kahn ("Superkahn" as *Monocle* calls him). What made the pacific folk react to him even more violently was the fact that, though he looked the part that Central Casting had assigned him, he persisted in talking sense. Every spectator-instinct was violated—as if Marilyn Monroe had opened her mouth and emitted a deep *basso* voice. To the talk of turning Vietnam over to the UN, he observed that if President Kennedy had turned the Cuban missile crisis over to the UN in 1963, we would still be in the midst of it, and deeper in. Seven members at the panel agreed we should clear out of Vietnam.

True Apothecary U Thant

The first session of the second day was pronounced by Mr. Luce, in the wrap-up of the Convocation, the finest of the whole series. Alas, he may have something there. The first speech, a flowery masterpiece flowingly delivered without text, came from Philip Jessup, who combined Shakespeare and Longfellow to tell us how we might change U Thant from a panacea-monger to a "true apothecary." How? By climbing for the potion's hidden herb, as Justice Douglas climbs mountains. (Prodigious, surflike, relieved laughter at the first touch of intended humor in the whole solemn proceedings.) Muhammad Zafrulla Khan described Islamic devotion to the concept of law. Luis Quintinilla, former ambassador from Mexico, renewed some old proposals for UN reform. Kenzo Takayanagi offered Japan's renunciation of weaponry as a pattern for others.

Lunch. Nenni on UN troops as the only acceptable external agents in any country (so, America, get out of Vietnam—and Berlin). Barbara Ward for more foreign aid. Alberto Lleras Camargo, former President of Colombia, against the big nations, which should, he thinks, defer to the moral preachments of the neutral nations

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(he treated the Encyclical primarily as the statement of a neutral nation, the Vatican, teaching other little nations how to use moral leverage). Abdul Monem Rifa'i for more foreign aid.

The night session is on foreign policy. Bayard Rustin declares we are no better than the Russians; we are taking away the freedom of the people in the Congo and in Vietnam. R. Paul Ramsey and Hans Morgenthau shape their answers to Rustin, unfortunately, in terms that divorce morality from politics. A sounder, less ambitious approach is taken by Abram J. Chayes, former legal adviser to the State Department, who makes some of the most sensible remarks of the whole three days, defending political realism not in contradistinction to morality but precisely as an expression of it.

Then Harold Stassen, who seemed to feel the microphone slipping out of his grip (as so many things have), took a firm hold and started his voice hobbyhorse-rocking through a campaign homily. He sing-songed out at least fifteen times that our job is "to start from here and go to there" before Norman Cousins, the chafing and fretting chairman, was able figuratively to pry the mike out of that often-disappointed grasp. An eminent journalist sitting beside me suggests, *sotto voce,* that Stassen's sermon should be snipped up, line by line, and baked into fortune cookies.

2 + 2 = 5 Eases Tension

On the final day, William Fulbright led off with a speech on ideology. He treated the U.S. as an ideological nation in the same sense that Russia is, a thing he could do only by extending the definition of ideology to make it include a nation's whole set of intellectual "givens," its "coherent system of values." Then he said that every nation must be ready to "sacrifice" its ideology for the common good of nations. On the basis of his own definition, the appeal suggests that one should make two and two become five if it serves to ease international tensions. In this most sophomorically confused speech of the whole affair, Fulbright issued a moral call not to hold any moral values very seriously. As might be expected, he used Hoffer's fashionable "true-believer" terminology, and gave it the same distortions most superficial readers of Hoffer do.

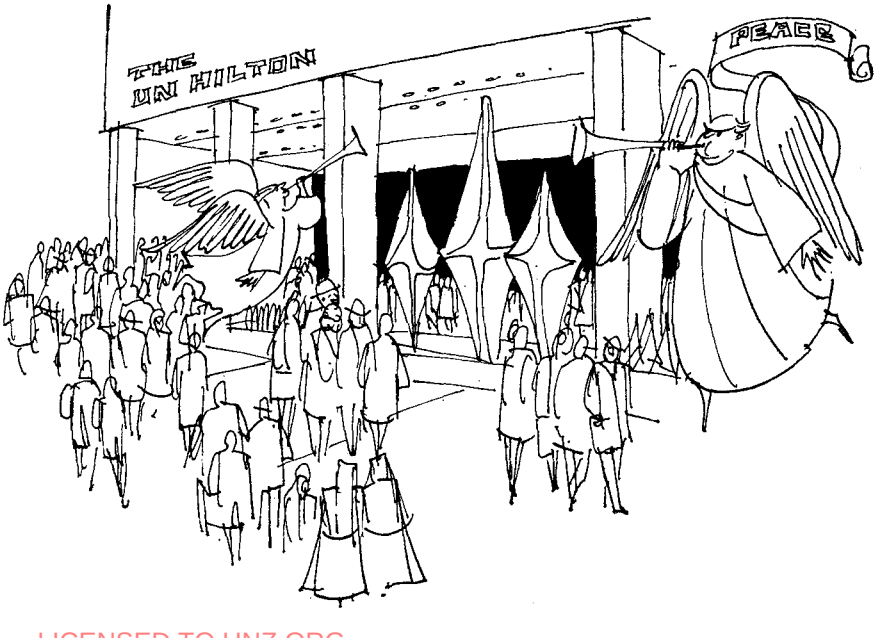
Abba Eban of Israel called for a week-long meeting of all the world's heads of state to consider things like the population explosion, the growth of technology, and the better distribution of wealth. (Like the schedulers of the Convocation itself, he confused the skills of, and so the proper tasks that can be allotted to, politicians and scholars.) Toynbee vaporized. Out in the halls, a nun, intoxicated with her first draft of straight Toynbee, gushed joyfully over the breadth and ease of his thought—something that strikes me too, but not in the sense she gave the terms. Outside the hotel, demonstrators have appeared urging the Convocation to condemn American presence in Vietnam. After lunch (the "We did not come here to eat" lunch), U Thant called for the transfer of more powers from the Security Council to the General Assembly.

In the wrap-up session, Eugene Burdick satirically and George N. Shuster politely indicated some of the failings of the Convocation. Their remarks boiled down to one charge: indulgence in wishful thinking. Jerome Frank moved that spot ads on television give us Orwellian "one-minute loves," a plan he calls "Minute for Peace." Steve Allen was above par as a comedian, but about Paar as a statesman. He reminded a crowd that had told itself for three days there are no enemies in Russia that, outside the sacred precincts of the Convocation, the real enemy was waiting: the American Right.

Big Names Endorsing Peace

It was all over now but the testimonial dinner for Hutchins (and the Center) in the evening—this meal not for blue cards (nor brown ones) but for blue chips. Whatever the future of peace on earth, the Convocation has helped guarantee the future of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions. It is difficult to say for sure what other purpose was served. Many sensible and challenging things were said—by Tillich, for instance, and Carlo Schmid, and Chayes and Shuster and Kahn. But most of it had been said elsewhere by the same men, and their challenge was not taken up by the majority of more optimistic speculators. Indeed, everything said floated out on a wave of good feeling that was solvent of analysis. So long as peace was mentioned at regular intervals, the widely applauding audience seemed happy. This frustration of real discussion was most marked in the complete failure of Tillich's speech to affect the following ones. He proposed for discussion four key problems, not one of which was later taken up.

The entire format militated against serious dialogue. The speakers' roster was drawn up to get "names" and officials and a vast range of national representatives. This meant there were many representatives of government speaking their diplomatic pieces



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(something they already do over at the UN, why call another meeting to hear it again?). The speakers came with prepared texts, and the marathon proceedings made it difficult for them to hear all the words of those who preceded them or to recall to the audience what was said, say, five speeches back. The only extempore discussion of an extended sort took place in the evening panels (to which the guests could not originally obtain admission), where a heterogeneous and large group jockeyed for possession of the microphone, and each person who got it seemed to go instantly off in five directions. The scholars chafed at the diplomatic ambiguities of the politicians, and the politicians protected themselves by calling the scholars unrealistic (rightly, by the way, when Senator Eugene McCarthy and Congressman Claiborne Pell told Grenville Clark that reduction of military expenditure would not, in terms of American politics, lead to an automatic extension of foreign aid).

This is not the format of a discussion, but of a demonstration. Big names and big crowds had come to endorse peace, to conjure it, to make a show of solidarity in support of it. The scale of the meeting, the number of participants, of spectators, of nonstop events, made this clear. We were at a monster rally. In such a context, the raising of objections resembles anti-social behavior at a cheerleaders'

rally before the big game. There were hurt cries of protest at Burdick's comments on the meeting's shortcomings. When what looked like a Hungarian couple in front of me clapped at his words, a guest five rows forward turned around and fixed them with a minatory stare. When the two persisted in their evil ways, the man ostentatiously got up and moved to the seats immediately behind them whence he glared balefully at the back of their necks for the rest of the session.

To make the discussion in any way serious, a number of things would have been necessary—first and foremost, reduction of the scale, restriction of the diplomats' speeches to the formal opening and ending, better balancing of speakers, continuity of theme (with time for appropriate experts to evaluate and discuss publicly each paper given). There should have been one major address by a spokesman for negotiatory realism—Dean Acheson, for instance.

Totems

An apt symbol of the meeting's actual emphases was the expensive copy of *Pacem in Terris* reproduced and passed out to each guest—a dribble of text in front and back, then a mass of glossy photographs filling 125 pages with children, Mother, many doves, a Boy and His Dog, bright fields, dim chapels. The incantatory aspect of the meeting was mensurable from the compulsive applause sent up over every feeble cliché related to the desire for peace (the feverish applause at the pregame rally, when every player is introduced and the crowd goes wild over each one, including the water boy). Eugene Burdick, to his credit, told the audience it was "meretricious and beneath your dignity" to react this way. (The pep rally is one of the more interesting survivals of magic in our civilization. If one *says* one will win often and hard enough, the words will themselves *effect* the victory. So dance and sing, tribes, to make rain. Or meet and set up an artificial thunder of applause to attract some lightning-stroke of peace.) Steve Allen, trying to put the sincerity of the group in striking terms, said that if a man from Mars should land on the platform with a message that we could find peace by stripping off our clothes and rubbing ourselves with bear grease, this crowd would do it. He was probably right in thinking the crowd would, and wrong in thinking his parallel from magic was fanciful.

It is hardly possible to speak of "conclusions" reached by such a process, but when I ask myself what I learned, the most I can come up with is this:

1. There was universal agreement that, even apart from the payments crisis, the UN is not in its present form an effective body; that it is doomed unless it is strengthened, either by revision of the Charter (majority view, without any consensus on the shape immediate revision should take), or by a return to the original Charter (minority view — recommended by Morgenthau, Abba Eban, hinted at by others).

2. There was a strong sentiment for a world government at the end of the process of expanding the UN, but even in this meeting a surprising number of people expressly defended the concept of national sovereignty (Zafrulla Khan, Abba Eban, Stassen, Paul Ramsey, Chayes) and others recognized that the jealousy the new nations have over their newfound independence makes it unlikely they will give up a slight bit of it in the near future. Thus, to speak of world government at the moment is unrealistic (which did not by any means keep the majority from speaking of it, in idyllic tones).

3. No one is seriously considering any alternative to the UN as a mechanism for keeping the peace. This is surprising, and it is surprising that no one adverted to the fact, since some admitted the UN might well collapse any day now. "Last-best-hopism" has dulled the ingenuity of those giving most thought to the problems of peace; they could easily be stampeded into the thought that war is *inevitable* if the UN fails. This is a strangely defeatist "nothing-better-ism" in such confirmed optimists and utopians.

4. The most popular slogans at the meeting were "We are all people" and "It exists" (this applied, in various ways, to China, East Germany, Cuba, the UN, the bomb, the "community of fear") and "It is obsolete" (referring to war, or sovereignty, or colonialism, or poverty, or our Asian policy, or the United States).

5. The only practical step on which nearly everyone agreed was that the United States should clear out of Vietnam.

6. The only other step on which there was such universal agreement—that more meetings like this one should be held—is impractical.

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Special Memorandum

Coins: No Silver Lining?

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Every economist, businessman, banker, and monetary official knows about the coin shortage in the U.S., and increasing numbers of citizens are learning about it. For public relations purposes it is claimed that the shortage is the work of "collectors," "vending machines," "economic growth" and "retail sales taxes." All of these factors together have probably had less to do with it than the unmentionable hoarding. Although the mints have been working like mad, the banking system has less coin now than a year ago. To illustrate how little hoarding needs to be done to sack the Treasury: 1) silver coins outstanding amount to about $8 per person; 2) although there are eight million coin collectors, total current production of the mints could be absorbed by just one million hoarders setting aside one dollar a day in silver coins; 3) current production of silver coinage amounts to a dime a week for each household in the nation.

Rickenbacker

Treasury's Shrinking Trove

Why the hoarding? Fundamentally, of course, because a lot of people see a chance for profit: they think the price of silver will climb above the point where it would be profitable to melt the coinage. Free world industrial consumption alone exceeds free world production of silver. Current requirements of new U.S. coinage also exceed total free world silver production. The only reason why the price hasn't gone through the roof already is that the Treasury has been selling its silver stocks to keep the market price below the melting point for subsidiary coin. At the current rate of withdrawals, the Treasury's silver hoard will be down to the military-strategic reserve level in a few months. At that point the price may rise rapidly, but the rising price can induce little additional production, because silver is mined largely as a by-product of other mining operations (copper, zinc, lead).

Although the first warning signal was given a decade ago, the authorities appear to be working under the pressure of recent astonishment. The Treasury promises to have a report ready in April—which could be too late, if by then everyone has $8 in silver coin. The proposals under discussion include the following:

1. *Reduce the silver content in the coinage.* This would solve nothing. Experience with low-silver-content coins shows them less satisfactory than zero-silver-content. The world's silver shortage would continue. The U.S. would experience severe monetary difficulties with two types of coins circulating, one high and one low in silver content. If the high-silver coins are hoarded (99.999 per cent certain), the mints could not possibly produce enough new coins to prevent an acute shortage: at current production rates it would take five years to replace our coinage.

2. *Abolish silver in the coinage.* In the absence of new sources of silver production, and assuming that industrial usage will continue to grow, this seems unavoidable. Treasury hoards might be used to hold down the market price of silver during a transition period, to keep the present coins circulating until substitutes are available in sufficient quantity; or the present coins might be declared to be worth twice or thrice their face value (an awkward solution, though it has worked in smaller countries).

3. *Substitute base metal coinage.* Base metal coinage invites counterfeiting, because it raises the "profit margin" between bullion content and face value. The problem of the vending machines would be acute, and the likelihood of driving the current silver coinage out of circulation would approach certainty.

4. *Substitute fractional bills.* Military veterans are familiar with the U.S. paper "scrip" used overseas in denominations down to five cents. Fewer people know that the U.S. issued fractional paper currency during the coin shortage of the 1860s. There would be precedent for this step, but the repercussions would be drastic. The world's confidence in the dollar would be weakened; the vending machine outlets would be decimated; public protests would mount over the awkwardness and shoddiness of the fractional paper currency. It would be impossible to keep the silver coinage circulating against paper, unless it were made a crime to possess silver coins of non-numismatic value, *i.e.*, coins minted after 1950 or so. But then President Johnson would have to make it a crime to have a Kennedy half dollar. . . .

What are the most likely prospects? It seems clear that we shall abandon our silver coinage soon. We will probably substitute base metal. During the transition period, no matter what laws are passed, it seems certain that we shall experience a coin shortage, which will do more damage to the national pride than to the gross national product. Once we have 40 or 50 billion base metal coins in circulation, there will be no reason for the Treasury to keep silver from being treated as a straight commodity, trading on the market in response to the forces of supply and demand. The price will probably rise, perhaps steeply, knocking out the few remaining foreign silver coinages on the way.

Our silver coinage will disappear, either directly to the melting pot or indirectly to the Treasury and thence to the melting pot. The price of silver, after speculative flurries, will level off at the point where industry finds it economical to seek and use alternative commodities. If it is not made illegal to do so, American citizens will, to some extent, buy the metal as a hedge against further deterioration of the buying power of the dollar, just as foreign citizens buy gold ingots from time to time.

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Diplomat at Work

Willie Sutton and Abdel Nasser

WILLIAM S. SCHLAMM

Abdel Nasser, Egypt's most impressive figure since the Pyramids, has fully understood the basic law of contemporary strategy: Never attack your weak adversary—always concentrate the fire on your strongest opponent!

Egypt's eternal but weak opponent is, of course, Israel. Yet if Nasser were ever to make his repetitious threat come true, and attack Israel, the entire world would rush to Israel's support. Besides, Israel would fight with its extraordinary courage—and since the days of the Suez War Nasser has never forgotten Israel's miraculous military potency.

On the other hand, Germany (the strongest power of Western Europe, and the third-strongest power of the world) can be attacked without any risk. Why? Because Germany is determined to avoid any conflict. Like America, and every other center of prosperous wealth, Germany is tied to a policy of prosperity, which means: a policy of surrender. Only poor people are courageous. The rich are always willing to pay any price extorted for "peace." For they have no other desire, and no other honor, than to continue the comforts of their existence.

'The Bigger They Are'

Willie Sutton, America's most celebrated bank robber, was once asked why he always concentrated his bold activities on America's biggest banks. "Why!" answered Willie with his most charming smile. "That's simple. Because that's where the money is." Willie was a genius of strategy; and, like every other genius, he had positively an instinct for the elementary simplicities of a situation. Indeed, if one wants to burglarize banks, or blackmail governments, one must always focus on the biggest.

The Germans, like most other rich people, have stupid illusions: they honestly believe that Germany can be both rich *and* safe. But only poor nations can afford the luxuries of pacifism. Rich nations must always be ready to defend their wealth; for no nation can be both wealthy *and* weak. The Germans have received a powerful confirmation of this truth.

Indeed, their ignominious surrender to Egypt's blackmail will cost the Germans not only the last bit of their international prestige but also huge piles of money. If the Israelis are skilful (and so far Israel's foreign policy has always protected the country's vital interests), they will make excellent use of Germany's capitulation. For there is only one way for Germany to repair Bonn's insult to Israel: the Germans will have to build modern factories in Israel to replace the cancelled German deliveries of old weapons.

Abdel Nasser

Which does not reduce one bit Nasser's remarkable success. From the beginning of his recent operation, his strategic aim was not Israel but Germany. For the time being, Nasser is perfectly willing to see Israel grow stronger—if he only can increase Egypt's strength, too. And by proving that he can force Bonn to its knees, Nasser has fabulously strengthened his prestige in the Near East and in Africa: mighty Germany's phenomenal capitulation has made Nasser the triumphant Lord of the Nile, the undisputed leader of all the Arab lands between Casablanca and Constantinople. True, Israel (that tiny Western island in this vast ocean of Arabs and Africans) may also profit from the German fallacy—but only for the near future. In the long run (or as, at any rate, Nasser figures) Israel will break down under the increased weight of its Arab environment.

Der Gaffen

And Germany? Well, Germany will go on stumbling from one *gaffe* to the next. Germany's appetite for punishment seems insatiable. The country is firmly in the hands of a prosperous *Buergertum* whose main concern is a profitable export business—even if those exports assume the weird form of blackmail payments to Communist Poland, Nasser's Egypt, or Zionist Israel. And even more devoted to the Gods of Prosperity than the German *Buergertum* are the German socialists. They will support Erhard and Schroeder to the end.

And what is this end? Why, that's simple! The end will be the greatest blackmail of the century—the German "arrangement" with the Soviets. Charles de Gaulle has already mapped "a unified Europe from the Atlantic to the Urals." All that is needed is America's blessing. And Johnson's distressed confusion in Vietnam may hasten the pace of Germany's surrender: if (as seems likely) Johnson's "military blows" in Vietnam lead to a rapprochement between the United States and the Soviet Union, everybody in Europe will rush to Moscow. And the Germans, as usual, will prove the fastest.

In the meantime, this is the season for clever rabbits to hunt lazy dogs. The weaker a nation, the better its chances to extort from the rich nations. All the beggar governments of the world have followed, with fascination, the grotesque happenings at the United Nations, and they have learned a great deal. The UN has demonstrated that every pint-sized government in Africa can twist America's nose without risk of punishment. And the rest has been taught by Willie Sutton: If you are a burglar, visit only the biggest banks; for that's where the money is.

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Who Was Malcolm X?

The author, who knew Malcolm X well, perhaps as well as any white man could, feels the stereotyped image given by the press does Malcolm less than justice

CHARLES W. WILEY

I began seriously following the career of Malcolm X in May 1957. Harlem was on the verge of a major race riot after the arrest and wounding of three Muslims. An angry crowd of over 2,000 was threatening heavily reinforced police while Malcolm conferred with top Police Department brass. At 2:30 a.m. they reached an agreement on the treatment of the prisoners and Malcolm returned to the tense crowd. A Negro reporter described the scene: "Mr. X left the station house, gave one brief command to his followers and they disappeared as if into thin air. One amazed policeman on seeing this said, 'No one man should have that much power!'"

Fascinated, I got Malcolm's telephone number from a Harlem newsman and called him. After verbal sparring for several minutes, it became clear that a very hostile Malcolm would not answer any of my questions, so I ended the conversation. He said softly, but in an icy tone, "Goodbye," followed by a pause and then the hissed words: *"Mr. Lucifer!"* His vehemence sent a chill up my spine.

Rights Leaders Hirelings

It was only six years later that I mustered the courage to contact a somewhat mellowed Malcolm X. In several long conversations over the following months we discussed most of the major problems in the race relations and political fields.

Malcolm X believed that the white community and civil rights leaders seldom expressed their true feelings. He said that the white man's guilt complex and fear compel him to hire Negroes—the civil rights leaders—to say the things he wants to hear, and that very few civil rights spokesmen really believe what they say. He didn't blame white people for their resistance to integration with the Negro *as he lives today*. He said that a white person who pretends that property values don't go down when Negroes move into a neighborhood is a fool, but that when a white man tells the truth about such issues he is called a bigot.

Even during his most violent, irrational years, Malcolm always offered the basis of a sound program. He was against drinking, dope addiction, lying, stealing, adultery, etc. —and called on Negroes to seek education, respect their women, show pride in themselves, work hard, save their money and start a business.

For Goldwater

Malcolm hoped for a Goldwater victory in the Presidential election because the Senator had made his position clear. He felt that there was little hope for black men under a Liberal Administration because the "pie-in-the-sky promises of equality through passing laws" were a complete illusion. Malcolm felt that the election of Goldwater would convince Negroes they would have to study and work to get anywhere.

His opinion of the ranking civil rights leaders was not high. Asked why they didn't get financial backing from wealthy Negroes and set up a chain of good motels catering to Negro travelers in the South, Malcolm said they weren't "bright enough to run a motel." He suggested that Jackie Robinson was a good measuring rod of much of Negro thinking since Robinson had little touch with the masses and was almost always wrong. He conceded that Robinson was very good at stealing bases.

Malcolm's own understanding of the thinking on Harlem's streets was illustrated by his prediction that passage of the Civil Rights bill would be followed by more, not less, violence. This correct estimate of what did follow was made in the face of the position of nearly all civil rights' leaders that this law was the only way of stopping trouble on the streets.

"A hungry man will *dislike you* if you refuse to give him help," said Malcolm, "but will *hate you* if you promise help and give him a check that bounces." He thought that the passage of civil rights laws would only lead to greater frustration of those who looked to them for help.

One of the most remarkable things about Malcolm was his ability to change his style for his audience. He could speak in the emotional language of Harlem streets, shift gears en route to the studio, and carry on a cool, logical debate before television cameras. Perhaps he was at his sharpest in debate. Time and again he took on several opponents with seeming effortless ease. He seemed to enjoy sparring with antagonists at press conferences. Asked if he'd take aid from Communists, he told about a man trapped in a wolf's den who'd take whatever help he could get. Pressed to acknowledge definitively that this was a "yes" answer, Malcolm laughed off the question by saying that he was "only talking about wolves." Asked if he believed that any politicians or government officials were sincere, he said he'd never met any who were—but quickly added that he hadn't met all of them.

JFK 'Jack X'

Probably his best known quip was when President John F. Kennedy embarked on a civil rights campaign. Malcolm said sarcastically that JFK's strong stand might win him a new name—"Jack X."

The Muslims had nothing to do with the 1963 March on Washington. After it was over Malcolm's comment was that he couldn't understand why

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Negroes should become excited about a demonstration "run by whites in front of a statue of a President who has been dead for a hundred years, and who didn't like us when he was alive."

During another TV debate, a civil rights leader boasted that he and other "representatives of the Negro people" had met with the U.S. Attorney General at a swank New York City apartment. Malcolm pointed out that "you were there with your white wife, Harry Belafonte was there with his white wife, Lorraine Hansberry with her white husband and James Farmer with his white wife. You weren't representing black people—you were trying to find a place where mixed couples are accepted."

With all his brilliance, Malcolm believed, until just before his death at least, that there was a gigantic conspiracy against the black man, and his rhetoric reflected this belief. In 1957 he wrote: "This modern Moses would not teach his long-enslaved people to love their enemies (the wicked race who had enslaved them), but would ask our God, the God of our forefathers, to destroy this wicked race and their slave empire with plagues of cancer, polio, heart disease . . . air, auto and train disasters . . . floods, droughts, earthquakes, hurricanes and tornadoes. White man's heaven is black man's hell."

His black chauvinism led him to believe in an African power base that his basic intelligence told him simply did not exist. This would explain his recent love affair with the Arab world, and his flirting—or worse—with the Chinese Communists. He replaced black chauvinism with colored chauvinism.

Saw World Revolution

Malcolm had no real program to deal with Negro-white relations. He believed that time was on the side of the non-whites, and that the West was in a final decline. When pressed on this subject, he told me: "The master never understands his servants, while they know all about the master." He said that it was not possible for white people to comprehend their own decline.

Malcolm saw a *total* revolution coming in the world, not merely a Communist revolution. He thought that only through such a complete change would the Negro achieve his proper status, because our entire civilization is based on Negro inferiority. When we drop this false theory, the whole framework of our society will collapse.

When Malcolm became known nationally, he was used as a bogey man to frighten the white community into greater cooperation with civil rights leaders. He and the Muslims were blamed for nearly all violence, no matter how far-fetched the charges. When I asked him how he felt about being cast as the villain, he said that it was to his advantage since his stock rose in the Negro community whenever he was credited with a blow against the white power structure.

He claimed that after his initial

exposure to the general public he was frozen off television and radio because he was winning debates and influencing both whites and blacks.

The Black Muslims were not the only beneficiaries from his death. Malcolm knew where the bodies were buried and probably took valuable information to his grave. One example was an interesting footnote to history that he told me. During the 1960 Presidential campaign both candidates were warned by their local workers that it was too risky to speak in Harlem. The big fear was of violence from the black nationalist extremist groups, and Malcolm said that Democratic Party leader J. Raymond Jones approached them to find out their price for peace. He said they demanded that the term *Afro-American* be used to describe Negroes, and that African nations receive a salute from any speakers appearing in Harlem. He said that Jones promised compliance with these demands, and possibly more.

Nixon never did appear in Harlem, but on Oct. 12, 1960 John F. Kennedy and other leading Democrats spoke at a street rally in the middle of the area. As Black Muslims and nationalist extremists distributed literature to the crowd, the Democrats used the term Afro-American and spoke glowingly of Africa.

Anti-White to Anti-U.S.

Where was Malcolm heading when he was shot down? He probably didn't know himself. He was allied with Arab and African countries in an anti-American campaign — and there's good evidence that he was also close to the Red Chinese. He had turned from anti-white to anti-United States (Malcolm said he could never be considered a traitor to the U.S. since he never considered himself an American). Some of his recent actions, however, strongly suggested a deal with civil rights leaders. This may have been just one more passing phase, but if he could have made a clean break with his anti-white, anti-U.S. fixation, he might have become a great figure in our country. Apart from this one great flaw, no one was better equipped to take leadership of the Negro cause in the U.S. and bring a solution to our racial problems.

My last meeting with Malcolm was last June, and was dramatic. Word had been circulated through the Negro community that the Black Muslims (with whom he had broken) had given him less than thirty days to live, and our meeting was within a day or two of the deadline. My wife insisted on going with me to the Queens (N.Y.) diner where I was to meet him. We sat in the rearmost booth—all three of us crowded together with our backs to the wall. When I asked him if he took the death threat seriously, Malcolm said matter-of-factly that he was certain that he would eventually be killed by the Black Muslims.

I'm sorry I never got to see him again. Friend or foe, good or evil, Malcolm X was not a vegetable. As my wife said while we watched his funeral on TV: "It's like watching the only copy of an interesting book burn before you've had a chance to read the ending."

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Academic Order and the Humane Scale

Rioting students at Coimbatore, in Madras, recently burned alive two police inspectors—by way of protest against the Indian Government's adoption of Hindi as the official language. At least American college students have not yet proceeded to quite such striking gestures. But clearly many of them are malcontent.

Kirk

The "Free Speech" enthusiasts at the Berkeley campus of the University of California are somewhat absurd, since a higher degree of free speech has long prevailed there than at nearly any other American state university. Freedom of speech, actually, is not their real cause. The grievance which the Berkeley demonstrators more deeply feel is the inhumane scale of the mass campus. They denounce "The Machine"—which, like Luddites, they would break.

External disorder, as represented by the Berkeley riots, is paralleled by American students' internal disorder, as suggested by the expulsion of dozens of Air Force Academy cadets because they cheated on examinations. At last the plague of campus dishonesty is openly discussed; only a few years ago Mr. Jerome Ellison was removed from the faculty of Indiana University because he had the temerity to suggest, in a popular magazine, that many students cheated.

Rioting and cheating are the ineluctable consequences of Behemoth University's inhumane scale. The anonymous student, knowing no true academic community and finding no norms acknowledged by a university's administration, sinks into cheating as the quickest way out of a pretentious educational racket—and besides, an IBM number knows no shame. The college teacher, isolated and unrecognized in such an amorphous academic empire, may become a "sp'iled praist" or "stickit minister," an ideologue, inflicting upon a captive classroom audience frustrations which are disguised as social radicalism.

The first step toward restoring meaning to the campus and purpose to the student's life seems to be the recovery of a humane scale in the structure of higher schooling. We need genuine academic community, among scholars and among students, and between scholars and students. Community, which necessarily is voluntary and comparatively small, is a world away from the prevalent academic collectivism of the mass campus. And—to let a little cheerfulness break in—some imaginative experiments in the academic humane scale already have been commenced.

Of these new undertakings, the grandest is the University of California at Santa Cruz, the seed of which this writer recently visited. This vast embryo campus is meant, eventually, to accommodate 27,000 students; but its plan will be radically different from that of the existing Berkeley and Los Angeles branches. Its models are Oxford and Cambridge.

Already, It's "In"

At Santa Cruz, the University has acquired the spreading old Cowell Ranch, the buildings of which will be preserved, including the historic limekilns and the picturesque cookhouse—which has become the office of Chancellor Dean McHenry. More than a score of colleges will be built—the first of them, Cowell, to open this autumn. Cowell's provost is a well-known historian, Dr. Page Smith, the biographer of John Adams.

Already, highly individualistic students are coming down to Santa Cruz from Berkeley, hoping to transfer to the new campus, and informing Chancellor McHenry and Provost Smith that Santa Cruz is the remedy for "The Machine" against which they demonstrated. Though the administrators at Santa Cruz have no desire to establish a kind of sanctuary for academic *Frondeurs* (mounted on old jalopies and motorcycles, instead of horses), they do aspire to commence an educational complex in which the person has primacy.

The Santa Cruz colleges will receive from 250 to 1,000 students each. Every college will lean toward some particular branch of study—humane letters, the arts, the natural sciences, and the like—though remaining a foundation of liberal learning.

Most students will reside in their college, as will some of the professors and instructors. Every provost will be in residence. The colleges will have their own dining-halls and small libraries. The expense of all this, Chancellor McHenry estimates, will not exceed that of the mammoth structures of Behemoth University. The rolling acres and old trees of the Cowell ranch should much diminish that oppressive sense of being "built in" which is one element of vague discontent on the typical mass campus.

Professional and graduate schools will be developed at Santa Cruz, too. What with the pleasant surroundings and the opportunity for taking part in a most promising experiment, the administrators at this new campus find it easier to attract a distinguished faculty than one might have expected.

It will be a great while before these colleges begin to acquire, through continuity of experience and growth of tradition, the deep-rooted academic community of their Oxford and Cambridge prototypes. But their plan is heartening. "We learn to love the little platoon we belong to in society," Burke said. This is at least as true of the academic platoon as of the political.

Love of one's academic community can put an end to the disorder of the crowd; and that kind of love, being honorable, casts out academic fraud. Education not being an industrial process, we would cease to construct educational factories; for mind and conscience, and the idea of a university, only the humane scale will do.

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Kennedy Without Incense

M. STANTON EVANS

Four of last year's ten best-selling books were by or about the late President Kennedy—all of course favorable and some a good deal more than that. Six other Kennedy books, ranging from neutrality to the most abandoned praise, were also high up on the list of most demanded volumes. In the book world as elsewhere, it was the year they deified John Kennedy.

For readers open to the suggestion that Kennedy, for all his virtues, was not a divinity come to earth, some countervailing analysis is now available in a slim volume entitled *The Leadership of President Kennedy,* by Maj. Gen. Thomas A. Lane U.S.A. (ret.). General Lane, columnist for the *St. Louis Globe Democrat* and other papers, has undertaken a hazardous task. The elaboration of the Kennedy godhead, the vulgar effort to make political capital out of his tragic death, the vicious attack on all who differed with his policies, have created a kind of national obsession with which no cautious man will tamper. But General Lane is not a cautious man.

He is instead an accurate and straight-spoken analyst of public happenings, to whom the Bay of Pigs and the American default in Laos look quite as dismal today as they did on November 21, 1963. And he states his reasons for so believing in deft and energetic prose that will carry with him any reader susceptible to the charms of fact. Lane is quick to acknowledge that Kennedy had verve and grace and political style. But what he will not acknowledge is what Liberal orthodoxy demands we all affirm in national chorus—that John Kennedy was a good President. For the truth is, so far as we are capable of judging, he was a very bad President indeed. A charming man, but a terrible President.

The Leadership of President Kennedy, by Thomas A. Lane. Caxton, $1.50 (paper)

Kennedy's deficiencies, Lane argues, derive chiefly from the fact that he did so poorly what one must do well to be even an adequate President. He was not, Lane says, capable of leadership. And on the analysis of Kennedy's friends and critics alike, of James MacGregor Burns as well as Victor Lasky, Lane has caught an important aspect of the truth. Kennedy was, above everything else, a superb political craftsman. And such a craftsman must be, by modern standards, not a leader at all, but a follower. He must avoid striking out on his own; forestall decisions which have not been pre-cooked and pretested; do nothing which the polls and computers tell him will be unpopular. He must, in short, assess the prevailing balance of forces, and align himself with it.

John F. Kennedy: **making state decisions while reading 1,200 words a minute**

That Kennedy's career was marked out precisely on this pattern is clear from his fine attunements to the shifting desires of his separate constituencies. As a Boston congressman, he was a McCarthyite. As a Massachusetts senator, he was part McCarthyite and part internationalist. As President he was, or attempted to be, all things to all people.

TRANSLATED to the realm of foreign policy, with which Lane chiefly deals, the habits of mind and practice thus cultivated in the political arena led uniformly to disaster. In politics, Kennedy's appeal was premised on "other-handedness" — statements which surround an issue by taking one side, then noting with equal enthusiasm something to be said in the other direction. In the verbal combat of politics, the technique is successful. In the all too real struggle for the world, it is calamitous.

If we are to credit the reasons for various of Kennedy's actions, he apparently viewed the struggle with Moscow in terms of an American election—as a kind of global popularity contest. In the Bay of Pigs, for example, "world opinion" was demonstrably more important in his mind than strategic necessity. When he pulled back the vital air attack on the morning of April 17, 1961, he hoped to propitiate world opinion as monitored in the UN. In point of fact, he doomed the invasion, left the freedom fighters to their fate and gave Castro the greatest boost in prestige he could possibly have enjoyed.

The Bay of Pigs was an example of "other-handedness" in the arena of world affairs: an effort to be at once militant and conciliatory; to liberate Cuba but not really liberate it; to back the freedom fighters but not offend the Communists. What worked as a verbal device in a political campaign issued in shame and agony

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when transposed to the world of substance and action. Similar "other-handed" failures, in which "tough" rhetorical beginnings issued in gelatinous follow-through, occurred in Laos, Vietnam, and the missile crisis of October '62.

Lane traces these failures to Kennedy's lack of executive experience. No doubt he is correct, at least in part. One had only to think back to those image-building days of 1961, when we were informed that Kennedy, making state decisions while reading 1,200 words a minute en route to an exquisite cotillion, was capable of doing anything and everything. It is obvious that when an administrator does even small things himself, he must wind up doing big things inadequately. Gen. Lane points out that, in handling several crises, Kennedy as one-man government failed to employ the *expertise* available to him and neglected consultation at appropriate levels of command.

In the final analysis, however, Lane's subdominant theme—a critique of Kennedy's leadership in matters of substance—seems more to the point. His tenure as President was marked by failure not because he was a poor administrator, but because he tried to administer the wrong policies. Essentially non-philosophical, he absorbed his ideas from a coterie of advisors who sought "accommodation" with Moscow, believed deference to "world opinion" was right and proper, and belittled the assertion of American interest buttressed by American strength.

In discussing these matters, General Lane has produced an impressive and necessary book. His writing is sure and sensible, informed not only by study of the events at hand, but by familiarity with related matter from other epochs. He has given us a conspectus of recent American policy which will be enormously useful to future historians trying to fathom America's default in the cold war of the sixties.

Science in the Grand Tradition

VINCENT MILLER

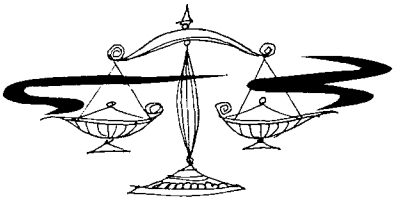
IT IS NO longer necessary to tell people *who* Louis Agassiz was, how he transformed Harvard from college to university, put "Louis Agassiz, teacher," on his gravestone, and gave America science as we know it, an integral part of its intellectual life, a discipline, a method of research and of education. Guy Davenport is interested in what comes next: an understanding of Agassiz sufficiently precise to enable us to understand ourselves. Hence this "Specimen Book," an attempt to rescue Agassiz's writing from the semi-oblivion of the back stacks of the library.

The Intelligence of Louis Agassiz, edited by Guy Davenport. Beacon, $5.00

Agassiz was fifty years old when he wrote the first essay included in this volume. He had by then, as a fellow scientist puts it, "a breadth . . . of study and research in natural science which few have ever equalled." And he wrote to argue that God had created all the species separately, in the form in which we find them, destined to remain unchanged. In the next fifteen years Darwin and Wallace's preliminary papers on evolution were published, *The Origin of Species* appeared, and the view of the natural world which scientists at one time shared with Agassiz almost disappeared. But Agassiz fought on. His last essay is Mr. Davenport's last selection. It brought—as Dr. Alfred Romer, Director Emeritus of Harvard's Museum of Comparative Zoology, says in his foreword to this volume—"conviction to few of his scientific readers then and none now."

Agassiz lost his battle, which is not—at this remove—at all important. Now that both his writings and Darwin's are outdated as science, the underlying shape of their thought, which is not outdated, exists for us in Agassiz as it doesn't in Darwin; for in Agassiz it attained a radiance never before achieved, and informed his every sentence. Dr. Romer, whom I've been quoting, says that the twentieth-century scientist will enjoy reading Agassiz and looking back, much as one enjoys looking back to his own youth and to the warm security of his mother's arms. That is not, I think, the best way to put it.

BEFORE WE GROW nostalgic about those nineteenth-century poets and scientists who could both look at nature with the most patient scientific attention and find in their examination "an intuition of ultimate authenticities," it is wise to distinguish the underlying toughness of their thought from its sometimes facile and provincial manifestations. The chapter that closed with Agassiz, if it closed, began in Greece and Judea; and what died, if it died, was a Western greatness.



Modern science, as Whitehead pointed out, owes its imaginative shape to the Greek tragedians. "Their vision of fate, remorseless and indifferent, urging a tragic incident to its inevitable issue, is the vision possessed by science." Thus Heracles in Sophocles' *Women of Trachis*. The oracle had promised Heracles that he would finally gain respite from labor. His work done, he returns home to find, not peace, but supreme pain. When he realizes that the pain will kill him, he says, in words that have been called the highpoint of Greek dramatic sensibility:

I heard it and wrote it down
under my Father's tree. . . .
I thought it meant life in comfort.
It doesn't. It means that I die.
For amid the dead there is no work
in service.
Come at it that way, my boy, what SPLENDOR,
IT ALL COHERES.

THAT DELIGHT in discovering that it all coheres is one ingredient in modern science. And Darwin, watching the way of a cat with a mouse, disturbed to find an intelligible order which would explain *that* as "the remorseless working out of things," belongs to a great tradition. In some ways he may have been, as Spengler thought, boringly insular. Agassiz's

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facile Christian cheerfulness is also sometimes hard to take. But each possessed, in different ways, both the drive and the ability to find in the hard and irreducible facts of life an intelligible pattern. That side of their accomplishment is one today's scientist, groping towards order, must look back on, although hardly as to his mother's arms.

The other characteristic of modern science is also present in both Agassiz and Darwin. Whitehead traces it to the faith that *every* detail is part of the pattern, a view that is not at all Greek; for the Greek proceeded as rapidly as possible, in philosophy or art, to the ideal. It rose during the latter Middle Ages in the monasteries. And it came from Judea, which first led men to find meaning in the lowest, frailest, most stubbornly intransigent and unheroic aspects of his world: gods in human flesh, saints out of fisherman who, at the crisis, turn coward. Without its influence, as Whitehead says, the labors of the scientist would never have been undertaken, for they would have been without hope. When these two impulses met, there was born that "vehement and passionate interest in the relation of general principles to irreducible and stubborn facts," that both constituted modern science before its return to mathematical abstractions, and created the modern mind.

Its traditions, in their nineteenth-century manifestation, Darwin and Agassiz shared. For a time Agassiz embodied them in America, and they still live in his writings as perhaps nowhere else: the insistence upon patient, unending attention to the precise and exact description of individual facts; the method of reaching general truths by comparing one observation with another, carefully, exactly, and precisely; and, underlying both, that luminous Western greatness of mind that humbles itself before reality in order to find in "irreducible and stubborn facts" an embodied pattern.

WHEN EMERSON suggested that Agassiz was ruining Harvard by over-emphasizing science, Agassiz suggested that Harvard bring the rest of its curriculum up to the standards he had set for its zoology laboratories. Harvard hasn't, as yet, done so. But Ezra Pound shook up the literary and academic worlds of his youth by citing Agassiz and applying his methods to literary criticism and to the teaching of literature. And underlying the techniques, informing them and passing from generation to generation and field to field, is a greater gift, one of spirit: Mr. Davenport calls it "radiant intelligence":

So that Dante's view is quite natural:
this light
as a river
in Kung; in Ocellus, Coke, Agassiz
ῥεῖ, the flowing
this persistent awareness

That tradition, in letters or in science, didn't die with Agassiz. He renewed it as few other men have; it illumines every page of this book.

Random Notes

● KULTUR: "Books can be fascinating," Hubert Humphrey told the *Washington Post* (urging private aid to supplement the President's hundred-million-dollar proposal to enlarge libraries), "we ought to develop in this country a love of books as, amongst our young people, the love of an automobile."

● DIE HOHERE ENTZIFFERUNG: Mr. Alan Ginsberg, the noted guru and poet, taking the stand before the Suffolk Superior Court, Boston to testify for Mr. William Burroughs' *Naked Lunch,* there arraigned as obscene, explained to His Honor Eugene A. Hudson that the title refers to "the nakedness of seeing, to be able to see clearly, to see through disguises. The lunch is a banquet of all this naked awareness." Just so.

● BOOKS: For June, *The James Bond Dossier,* in which the satirist Kingsley Amis goes for the he-man darling of the nonce, *Uebermensch* 007, sizing up his taste, enemies, women, clothes, morals, and what have you (NAL-World, $3.95). . . . .Huntington Cairns, a man of many hats and talents, has collected yet another chrestomathy of H. L. Mencken's dispatches, *Mencken: The American Scene* (Knopf, $8.95). . . . From Atheneum in May, Peter Weiss's alarming wonderment from the London stage, *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Clarenton under the Direction of the Marquis de Sade* ($4.50).

● THE FLICKS: Not since *Spartacus* (1959) has Hollywood come up with a super colossal epic with a Balkan population of extras, sets with more windows than in all of Arkansas, and a plot as subtle as a Florida sunset. So Joe Levine has ordered a replica of San Francisco in 1906 to be thrown up, and has called on fire, earthquake, and Niven Busch (who gave us *In Old Chicago* in 1936) to whack out, by golly, a spectacle. . . . The new Tarzan has come forward for the latest stampeding of the elephants and riding of the lianas. He's Mike Henry, middle linebacker for the Los Angeles Rams, and a sneaky sports writer has ascertained that he despises animals and cannot swim. . . .

Variety congratulates the Coon Rapids, Minn., ozoner for staying open this winter, even with the weather twenty-five below, and managing triple features to boot. . . . Zero Mostel, the factotum in the neoplautine *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,* will repeat the role in the movie version, to be produced by Melvin Frank for United Artists. Shooting begins this August. . . . In 1931 Varick Frissell and J. D. Williams made a documentary of Arctic sealing, called *The Viking.* The cast contained Capt. Bob Bartlett, the explorer, Charles Starett, Louise Huntington, and Arthur Vinton. Over the years all prints were lost. Now one has turned up in a Newfoundland deep-freeze warehouse for fish, quite appropriately, and has been shown in Ottawa. Antique film buffs can expect it on their circuits soon.

● OVERDOING IT: The only Presidents to dance at an Inaugural Ball are George Washington and Lyndon Johnson.

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8. BUSINESS: Not a stock-market "dopesheet," but a comprehensive and fascinating column of significant business and financial news that will interest the layman as well as the expert. Editor Donald Waterford specializes in analyzing business trends that will have widespread effects throughout the economy. (For example, his recent report showing that automation is causing many businesses to lower the retirement age was widely quoted in the press.)

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The Unseen Epic

THOMAS A. LANE

AS MOSCOW CORRESPONDENT of the *London Sunday Times* from 1941 to 1948, Alexander Werth became practiced in writing script which would pass Soviet censorship. He has extended this performance in his survey of *Russia at War, 1941-1945*, a work which must be eminently acceptable to the Soviet authorities. This is a very sympathetic account of the way the Soviet people saw themselves during World War II.

Russia at War, 1941-1945, by Alexander Werth. Dutton, $10.00

Mr. Werth was born in St. Petersburg in 1901 and emigrated to England in 1917, after the Revolution. He studied at Glasgow University and served as a correspondent in Paris before going to Moscow in July, 1941. His Russian birth and his fluency in the language gave him special standing and influence as a correspondent.

In this book, Mr. Werth has taken the official *History of the Great Patriotic War of the Soviet Union* as his central reference point, has supplemented it with the concurrent themes of *Pravda*, has summoned testimony from a wide range of other writings, Russian, German and English, and has added his own personal interviews with persons of high and low estate. The book is well written, paced with human interest stories, but at times ponderous with repetitious propaganda. It is an important work bringing us additional insights and details of the Soviet side of the war. Mr. Werth warns in his introduction that this work is not history. It clearly is not. He has recounted with understanding and compassion the sufferings and triumphs of the Soviet people in their great trial. He has shown the political ideas and the propaganda of hate which stirred and unified them. But he has not taken a position of objective scholarship which would do justice to the great epic which is his subject.

He tells with apparent credulity tales which were obviously spun in the Soviet propaganda mills. He uses the language of Soviet propaganda, referring, for example, to cities and villages destroyed not by war nor by the Stalin scorched earth policy but by the Germans. That is how the Soviet people saw their struggle, but it is not history. The book lacks perspective. The war on the Eastern Front was the mammoth combat of World War II. Nazism and Communism, those two degenerate offspring of Socialism, were locked in a duel to the death; the bestiality which pervades both philosophies was loosed in the cauldron of war. With the Nazis, it was race or ideology which made Jews and Communists expendable; with the Communists, it was class or ideology which made Polish officers and Nazi storm troopers expendable. The sufferers were the German and the Russian peoples who would both have been shocked and incredulous to learn what their Gestapo and NKVD were doing.

IT IS THE central defect of Mr. Werth's book that he does not at this late hour understand what happened. He is well aware of the crimes

of the Gestapo which were related and magnified by Soviet propaganda, but he confessedly knows little or nothing about the crimes of the NKVD. Yet, he cannot see in his own innocence and that of the Russian people a demonstration that the German people and the German Army were just as innocent of the crimes of the Gestapo. Because Soviet propaganda preached hate of the German people, he cannot bring himself to credit them with ignorance as great as his own.

In this struggle of the goliaths, Hitler started with a magnificent army, highly trained and powerfully equipped. He wasted that instrument in diversions and in costly battles of attrition dictated by his political judgments. He replaced competent leaders with second-rate generals better attuned to his irrationality. There was a steady decline in the quality of the Wehrmacht after the campaigns of 1941. Stalin, in contrast, started the war with a weak army. It was dominated by political commissars and bombastic slogans, but it was a paper bag. After the disasters in the

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opening months of the war, when the Germans drove to the gates of Leningrad and Moscow, the patriotic dedication of a people fighting for their homeland dominated the Soviet defenses. Stalin was shrewd enough to rally his people to Mother Russia. He recognized the competence of Zhukov and other professionals, and he reshaped the Soviet Army accordingly. He built soundly from a weak instrument, which barely held Moscow and Leningrad in 1941, to overwhelming military superiority in 1945.

The Germans struck the Russian front on June 22, 1941. That very evening, before he had any contact with Stalin, Winston Churchill was on the radio pledging support to the Soviet Union and promising that Britain would never make a separate peace with Hitler. To the very end of the war, the allies never received such a pledge from Stalin, and fear that he might settle with Hitler was of continuing concern in Washington and London.

It was magnificent rhetoric but tragically inept leadership. Why would Western leaders sacrifice their peoples and resources to assure a victory for Communism? It should have been apparent to Churchill and Roosevelt that only a compromise peace which left both Russian and German peoples disillusioned in their dictatorships would serve the cause of freedom in the world. How different the war might have been if Churchill and Roosevelt had waited for Stalin to ask for help instead of rushing obsequiously to force it upon him. They did not even ask his commitment to full restoration of Poland, the cause which had brought Britain into war with Germany. They squandered the world's great opportunity to rid itself of both the evil genii who had conspired to launch the war.

It is an epic story, but Mr. Werth hasn't told it. He didn't even see it.

Latin America Askew

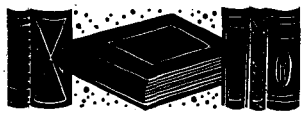
NATHANIEL WEYL

IN THIS strange and poorly organized volume, Peter Nehemkis writes both as a representative of enlightened American capitalism and as an escapee from the turgid ideology of democratic socialism.

Latin America: Myth and Reality, by Peter Nehemkis. Knopf, $5.95

Of its thirteen chapters, the third, "Where Soldiers Call the Shots," comprises about two-fifths of the book. Casting the military in the role of heavy, Nehemkis urges that we compel them to concentrate on civic action by withholding aid. Would they turn to Russia? "To my mind, the threat to go to Moscow is a bluff," Nehemkis retorts. "The Russians have had their fill of adventurism in the Western Hemisphere. . . ." This pontifical air is unfortunately characteristic of the book. Nehemkis is privy to the Kremlin's secret thoughts and he knows that its fundamental desire is for peace.

Nehemkis writes from an anti-Communist standpoint. Yet those Latin leaders who fight Communism effectively are vilified and showered with opprobrium unless they happen to belong to the "independent left" of Betancourt, Figueres and Haya de la Torre. It is always the anti-Communists who are beastly. Thus, the security measures of the new Brazilian regime against the ramified Communist conspiracy which almost doomed the country are judiciously described as "a Brazilian version of McCarthyism" and "this tropical witch hunt." Mr. Nehemkis does not bother to bore his readers with an account of the graft, tortures and murders of the Red Arbenz regime in Guatemala. But he reports that President Ydígoras Fuentes, the dedicated foe of Caribbean Communism who staked his political life on providing training camps for the Cuban patriots of the Bay of Pigs invasion, was "unpredictable, cantankerous and personalistic." His regime was a "police state," but he was not, Nehemkis generously adds, "the Nero of the Caribbean."



Other appraisals are equally biased. Nehemkis has a solution for the Panama Canal crisis as he seemingly

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has for almost all problems. We should give Panama more money and ultimately "get out of Panama." His harsh and unjust judgments of honorable and decent Latin American leaders who fought Communism do not extend to such men as Haya de la Torre, the Peruvian leader of APRA. Haya is seen as an important thinker dedicated to "the need for hemispheric unity and the abolition of frontiers, political as well as spiritual." There is nothing about Haya's passionate flirtation with the Nazis, his sulphurous intrigues with the Comintern or the murders committed by his terrorist bands.

Nehemkis devotes disproportionate space to the brief regime of Juan Bosch, who misruled the Dominican Republic as a stool for the Communists until the military kicked him out. This is a situation he knows first-hand. The fall of Bosch had "the aspects of a Greek tragedy." Purple

passages follow. Then Nehemkis observes that a psychiatrist told him that Bosch was a paranoid schizophrenic! Unfortunately, Nehemkis fails to grasp the distinction between *hubris* and paranoia.

The most interesting paragraph in the book refers to the CIA in the Kennedy era. "In the Dominican 'cloak and dagger' games," Nehemkis writes, "it was virtually impossible to distinguish Communists from CIA agents. Frequently, they were identical. An honored and respected member of the foreign colony in Santo Domingo informed me that when he showed a list of well-known Communists to the American Embassy, he was told: "Lay off those people! They're CIA." This casts much light on the lemming rush of the Dominican Republic toward Red totalitarianism during 1961-63. It would seem desirable that the appropriate investigating committees of Senate or House awaken from their siesta long enough to probe into this situation and see whether these CIA Communists have been fired or promoted.

Nehemkis corroborates U.S. responsibility for the murder of Dominican dictator Trujillo in 1961 and praises the "heroism" of an American Foreign Service officer and a CIA agent who were implicated. This suggests that American officials are morally and legally entitled to bump off those foreign chiefs of state of whom their employers disapprove. If, so, where is the line to be drawn? And why not extend this practice to include American politicians of whom the bureaucracy disapproves? The decision to liquidate General Trujillo must have been made in Washington at a very high level. One wonders whether it occurred to those who planned the murder that the use of guns to silence political leaders can become contagious.

THE REST of the Nehemkis book deals with some of the economic ailments of Latin America. He has several sound ideas. He is interested in enlarging the Latin American market to comprise clusters of adjacent countries and in mobilizing Latin America's idle and semi-idle manpower for vast self-help schemes such as road building and low-cost housing. (One wonders why the Latins haven't done this long ago. This reviewer suggested something of the sort in Mexico in 1939.) There are several weaknesses in these chapters, however. Nehemkis believes the Alliance for Progress died with Kennedy. Actually, it seems to be working better under President Johnson. The shifts toward sound administration and practical projects and away from rhetoric and alarmist agitation have been helpful.

A basic failing is that the book virtually ignores the Latin American population explosion which continuously generates poverty, chaos and crisis. These demographic trends are highly unfavorable qualitatively as well as quantitatively. The Latin countries have obstructed valuable population studies in the UN in marked contrast to the positive attitudes of Japan, Sweden, India, Ceylon and the United Arab Republic. Latin American intellectuals and politicians have concentrated on petty and ephemeral grievances while refusing to look courageously at the malady that is killing them.

TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 218)

on the whole idea? He gently reminded devotees of the Liturgical Fidget (his term) that the charge to Peter went, "Feed my lambs . . . Feed my sheep . . ." and NOT "Try experiments on my rats," or "Teach my performing dogs new tricks." Perhaps the shepherds are tired of being pastors and prefer Pavlov?

Chicago, Ill. HELEN A. HALE

Deception?

Congratulations on your deceptive and misleading article "The Warren Court by the Warren Court [Feb. 23]. By printing only the dissenting opinions and leaving out the majority opinions, to say nothing of the facts in the particular case, you very cleverly prevented your readers from judging for themselves the validity of what the dissenters said. In fact, you did not even indicate that what you printed *were* dissents. It is apparent that you are well aware of the advantages of printing only half of the truth, and of taking statements out of context.

Washington, D.C. DANA M. SCHMIDT

Caught! When will we learn that withholding the full text of the Warren Court's decisions since 1961, plus for handy reference the Constitution in its entirety, is tantamount to mulcting the reader? Hawkshaw Schmidt, see our reference (same issue, p. 129) to "the recent dissents of seven of the nine Justices." —ED.

Last Word on Words

I must write a word of possible reconciliation between Mr. Buckley and us of his readers who get so mad at his abstruse vocabulary. May I suggest this method, which I have tested with some success. Certain foreign-language references I just pass by (*e.g., apertura a sinistra*), although like Mark Twain I sometimes play around with them. After all, opening-for-the-left and sinister aperture aren't too different. Certain short English words I will go and look up. Like eclectic. I didn't know what it meant. I didn't even think I ought to. So I felt proud of my intellectual energy. But the last kind of words are the most fun. These are the ones I have heard off and on for years,

(Continued on p. 253)

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Theater

Everybody's Protest Play

MYRNA BAIN

"Literature and sociology are not one and the same; it is impossible to discuss them as if they were."
—James Baldwin

Did you know the exclamation point was dead? Or that the Western white man had failed to realize "the idealization of rational Liberalism"? Or even that these questions could possibly be serious points for stage adaptation? Probably not. But for playwrights Lorraine Hansberry and LeRoi Jones, the theater is a perfect place to act out these serio-comic problems.

Mr. Jones, the latest bombshell among the hip writers, is currently enjoying a successful run at the St. Mark's Playhouse with his two one-act plays, *The Slave* and *The Toilet*. Anarchic and prurient in tone, language and style, these two plays present a nightmare of twisted logic that will probably, by next season, descend in waves on Shubert Alley.

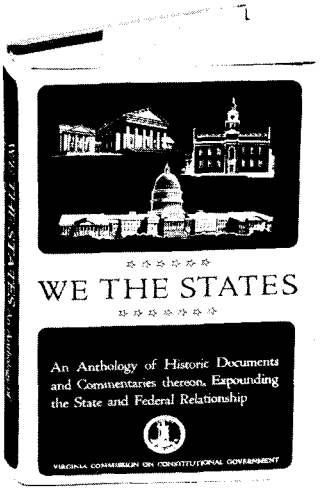
Played in the hermetic atmosphere of a small theater-in-the-round, *The Toilet*, first up, locks the audience in with the oddest collection of subway marauders, basketball junkies and cool boppers to be seen anywhere outside of the hallways of Boys High. And these eleven boys, all of them mentally and linguistically retarded, leave the viewer with the decided impression that if Jones is not trying to prove that Negroes are "inherently inferior" to whites, he certainly is not making any effort to clear up any misconceptions. For this play is straight bathroom drama, with little if any plot and absolutely no uplift.

The curtain rises on five urinals and a rusty sink. And the first character to enter, Ora (described in the script as "short, ugly, crude, loud"), ought to set the mood sufficiently; but just in case you don't get the message, Ora next engages in a bit of highly graphic mime action ("He enters, looks around, then with one hand on his hip, takes out his penis and urinates. . ."). As I said, this is done in mime action, but it was the only concession made to sensibility for the rest of the play.

Gradually the other characters "bop" on stage. And it becomes apparent that a murder or near-murder is going to be the central act of the play. LeRoi Jones has always been fascinated with murder; there was a killing in his previous production, *Dutchman*. In *The Toilet*, Jones portrays the stylistic obscenities of the boys as the "natural" flowering of their primitive natures, but there is one added touch in this and the other play, *The Slave*—the white characters (there are two in each play) are characterized in such a devitalized fashion that all the brutalities appear almost "necessary." The two in *The Toilet* function as alternate and unsightly copies of the nine Negro boys. And their lines are so written that, when the first one is "sounded" out of the room and the other dragged in, bleeding and battered, his possible death horrifies but does not necessarily repel you.

It is in the second play, *The Slave*, that Jones really lets loose with his diatribe against sanity. With a set designed by Larry Rivers, featuring a red tricycle, Village "moderne" furniture and two monster paintings, we are placed dead center in a shooting war between the races. Later on in the play this is choicely defined by the Negro protagonist as the "logical result of rational Liberalism." But it is acted out as nothing more than the coffee-house version of existential bathos.

In past times, *The Slave* might have been called a drawing room drama. But in Jones' clenched prose, the three characters are interested only in drawing their blood and that of the audience. Grace Easely (as the former wife of Walker Vessels) spends the whole play sneering, grovelling, and exhorting her black ex-husband not to kill either her current white spouse or his step-children. However, since this is war, neither Grace nor Bradford Easely is spared vilification, nor does Bradford escape eventual death, previously experienced by the white characters in *The Toilet*. In both plays, Jones punishes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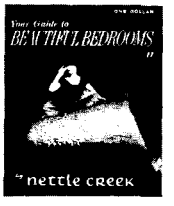

NETTLE CREEK INDUSTRIES
DEPT. NR-3 RICHMOND, INDIANA

"whitey" for some imagined failure to idealize properly: in *The Toilet,* for being, first, a cheap version of an uptown sharpie and, second, a Puerto Rican homosexual; and in *The Slave,* for presuming to fulfill the promises of rational Liberalism.

But if Jones' plays are acted out on the high plateau of anarchy, Lorraine Hansberry's *The Sign in Sidney Brustein's Window* is not much better for being "civilized" protest. *Sign* opened on Broadway last fall with a big splash of kitsch publicity, and it is now going on tour. And, like *Blues for Mr. Charlie,* it is having such success not because of what is happening on stage, but because of the crusading outside the theater. Everybody has helped *Sign*: Shelley Winters, Viveca Lindfors, SNCC, the *New York Times.*

All of this activity was generated to help a play that should have closed on opening night. Sidney with his worries over Reform politics, his anxieties about running a Greenwich Village weekly, and his hopes of marrying a prostitute sister-in-law is not theater, but a long-winded exercise in how great it is to be committed to "serious" issues. Since there was no plot, all Sidney could do was discourse about non-essential things like the "death of the exclamation point." But Sidney's desire not to exhort "anybody any more about anything," was not shared by Miss Hansberry. She had hoped no doubt to immortalize all the Sidneys of the world; instead she succeeded only in embalming them.

Hansberry and Jones have not felt it necessary to do more than lightly rehash the contents of the thirties proletarian theater. As Walker Vessels says in *The Slave,* "Beauty and love aren't important any more." Which is probably the only truthful line to appear in any of these plays. They are not important and cannot be important in everybody's protest play. Protesting (whether as chaos or jaded civility) is ritual first and drama second, if at all.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Savage Cell, by Pat McGrady (Basic Books, $8.50). One knows not whether to laugh or cry when reflecting on such a book as this. Clearly a work of devoted, wide-

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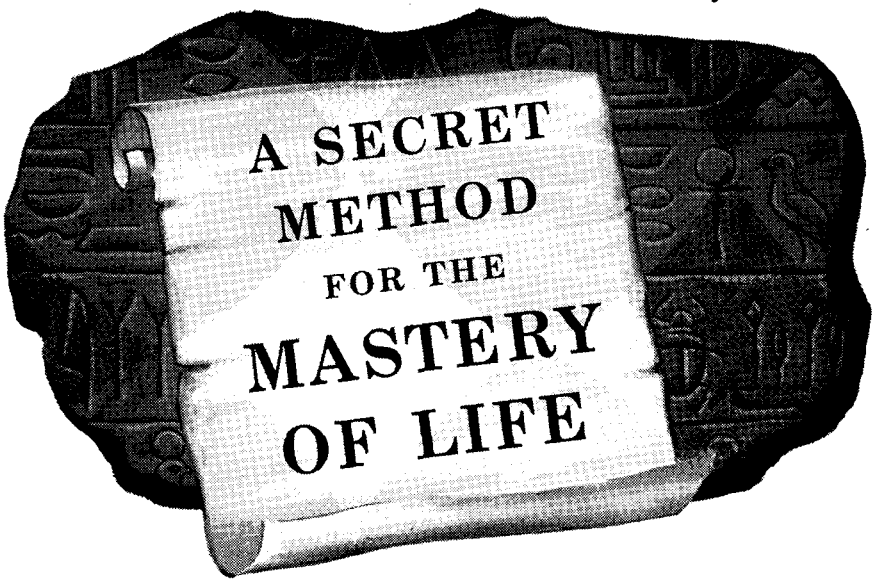
ranging, but superficial examination of many sources, it is a once-over-lightly of a grievous and hardly neglected ailment, cancer in all its manifestations. Described in the jacket blurb as a writer "in the best tradition of pioneering science and medical reporting," Mr. McGrady does not report the news in the field of medical care and cancer so much as he scrambles it. His massive tour into error includes broad assumptions, selected and fragmented statistics, innumerable suggestions of medical indolence and the contempt of industries for the public's welfare, and a stupid scorn for the workhorse of medicine, the "average physician." In short, a miscellany of the partial from the back stairs of medical research by one who just knows and knows and knows.

R. J. NEEDLES, M. D.

THE FABRIC OF TERROR, by Bernardo Teixeira (Devin-Adair, $4.95). At dawn on March 15, 1961, the liberation of Angola from colonialist oppression began. Three days later, it was over—for the time being. The liberators had melted back into the bush and across the Congo border from whence they came, leaving behind them smoking plantations, mutilated bodies, and pools of congealing blood. *The Fabric of Terror* recreates eleven of the incidents of March 15, in which Angolans black and white were shot, stabbed, decapitated, disemboweled, raped, run through sawmills, and otherwise indiscriminately slaughtered by the hopped-up minions of Holden Roberto's UPA. Our mythmongers will squirm, smile nervously, twitter "But of course, the author *is* Portuguese. . ." and then nod sagely to one another, taking great comfort in the ellipsis. But Roberto himself (he who acquired such big *juju* among Liberals when he shook the hand of Eleanor Roosevelt) cheerfully admitted everything to a *Le Monde* reporter back in July, 1961. Teixeira writes vigorously, and with a vivid terseness that makes his story of senseless destruction all the more arresting. James Burnham's afterword is full of useful background information; there are eight pages of photographs for the strong of stomach.

C. H. SIMONDS

Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids



WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilization began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with naught they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first sciences and arts. Did their knowledge come from a race now submerged beneath the sea, or were they touched with Infinite inspiration? From what concealed source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenhotep IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

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TO THE EDITOR

(Continued from p. 248)

ought to understand, but never have. Like syndrome and iconoclastic. I can't pass them by, and I'll be darned if I'll admit I have to look them up. I'm going to have to learn the meaning of these imps just by studying them in context. So the lookout begins.

All this leaves me on good terms with Mr. Buckley, leaves Mr. Buckley his literary freedom, and leaves the conservative cause an advocate who can out-razzle-dazzle the opposition any time.

Odessa, Fla. JANE ELLIGETT

BIPAC

An item about BIPAC appeared in the February 23 issue of NATIONAL REVIEW on page 135. A portion of one sentence contained in the item reads as follows: "Funds for both Political Action and Political Education will be provided entirely from dues of BIPAC members . . ."

Although funds to support BIPAC's Political Action Division do come entirely from the dues of BIPAC members, funds to support BIPAC's Political Education Division also come from contributions of individuals, companies and associations as well as from the sale of the division's publications and services.

The division issues a bi-monthly periodical called *Politics* and provides a research service based on the Congressional Record. Sample copies can be obtained from BIPAC at 14 West 49th Street in New York City.

New York, N.Y. OWEN V. FRISBY
Research Assistant
Business-Industry Political Action Committee

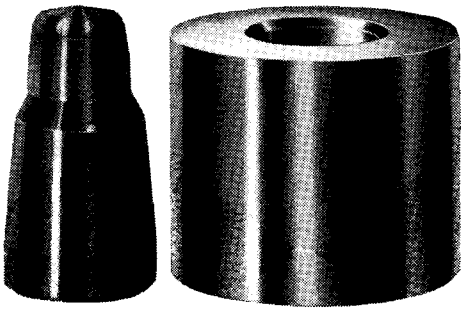
SOLUTION TO LAST ISSUE'S TRANS-O-GRAM (March 9)

Ronald Reagan

A TIME FOR CHOOSING

There is no such thing as a left or right. There is only an up or down—up to . . . the ultimate in individual freedom consistent with law and order—or down to the ant heap of totalitarianism . . . Those who would trade our freedom for security have embarked on this downward course.

another example of Kennametal* USE-VALUE



Kennametal valve parts handling abrasive slurry save $40,000/year at waste disposal plant

A waste disposal plant had real trouble with valves controlling the flow of a very abrasive and corrosive slurry composed of sludge, sand and water. The slurry is processed at 500°F and at pressures up to 1500 psi. Stainless steel valve parts lasted only one day. A special cast alloy bettered this record—stems lasted nine days and the seats 18.

Finally a special wear- and corrosion-resistant grade of Kennametal was tried. Valve life immediately jumped to 180 days for the seats and 75 days for the stems. Here is how costs of the two materials compared:

Cast Alloy Parts	Average Life	Unit Cost	Total
20 Seats	18 Days	$100.00	$2,000.00
40 Stems	9 Days	50.00	2,000.00
Labor, 40 Changes @		50.00	2,000.00
Total annual cost per valve			$6,000.00

Kennametal Parts	Average Life	Unit Cost	Total
2 Seats	180 Days	$167.50	$ 335.00
5 Stems	75 Days	83.00	415.00
Labor, 5 Changes @		50.00	250.00
Total annual cost per valve			$1,000.00

Annual Savings with Kennametal

Savings Per Valve	$ 5,000
Eight Valves (8 x $5,000)	$40,000

This is Use-Value—the extra performance that is integral in Kennametal hard carbides. Because Kennametal resists wear and abrasion as well as corrosion, impact, heat and deformation, it outlasts other metals by ratios as high as 100 to 1. Kennametal practically eliminates product contamination due to attrition.

For more information on how Kennametal adds Use-Value to a wide variety of applications—from wear parts to cutting tools, write for copy of Booklet B-666, "Proven Uses of Kennametal." Address KENNAMETAL INC., Department NR, Latrobe, Penna.

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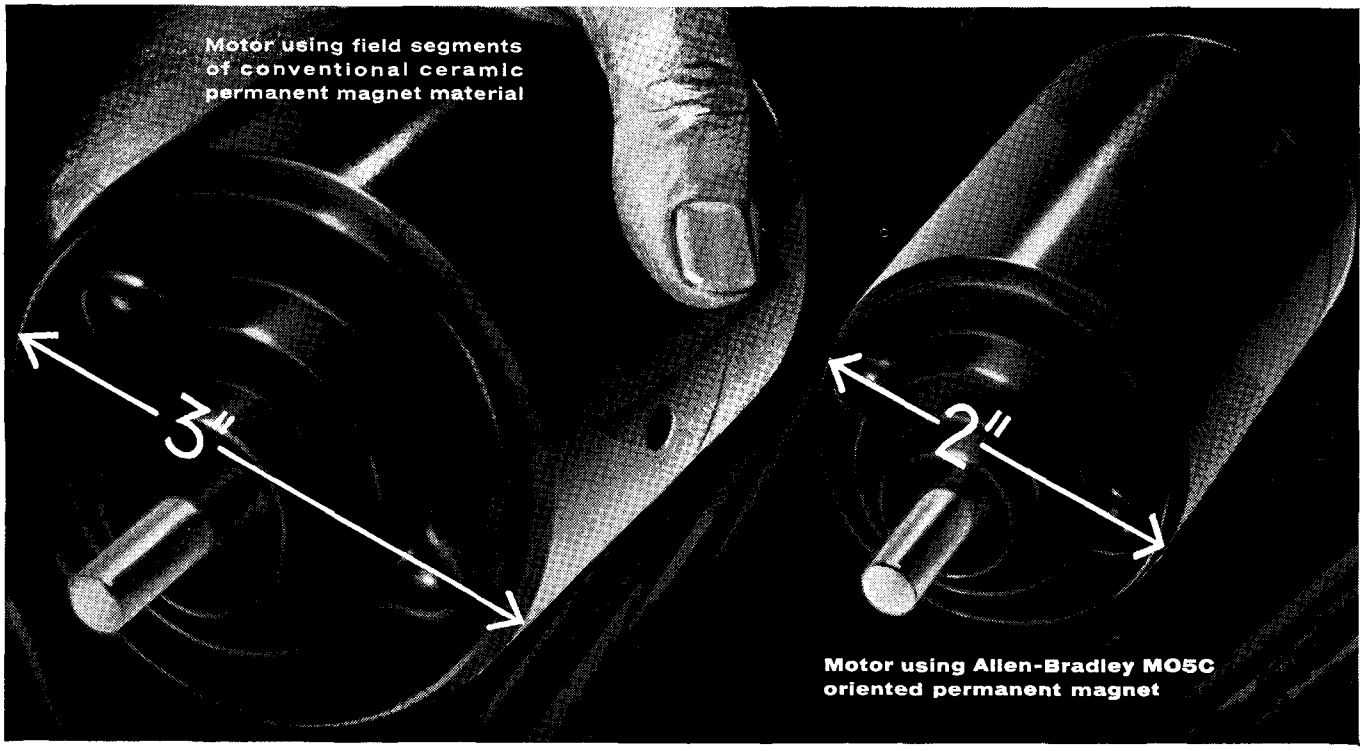
Motor using field segments of conventional ceramic permanent magnet material
3"
2"
Motor using Allen-Bradley MO5C oriented permanent magnet

motor size reduced one-third without sacrifice in performance

■ The illustration above typifies the size reduction in motor design that the new Allen-Bradley MO5C permanent magnet material makes possible—*with no loss in motor performance.*

Type MO5C is an oriented ceramic permanent magnet material—yet it can be produced in shapes previously limited to unoriented materials. It possesses a high energy product—2.6 times that of unoriented materials—plus a high coercive force. Thus, the Type MO5C is practical for motors from fractional to multiple horsepower ratings, covering a wide range of speeds.

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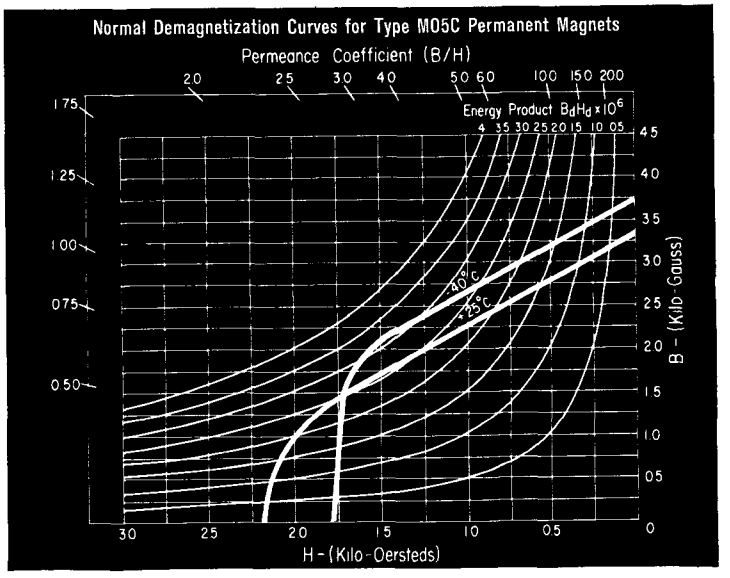
CHARACTERISTICS—Important characteristics of MO5C are tabulated below at a temperature of 25°C.

Residual Induction (B_r) gauss	3300
Coercive Force (H_c) oersteds	2200
Intrinsic Coercive Force (H_{ci}) oersteds	2300
Peak Energy Product (B_dH_d) gauss-oersteds	2.6×10^6
Reversible Permeability	1.09
Curie Temperature Deg. C	450
Temperature Coefficient of Flux Density at B_r, %/°C	−0.19
Temperature Coefficient of Intrinsic Coercive Force, %/°C	+0.25
Specific Gravity	4.85
Weight Per Cu. In. Lbs.	0.175
Resistivity Ohm/Cm³	10^9
Coefficient of Thermal Expansion per Deg. C Parallel to Orientation	14.5×10^{-6}
Perpendicular to Orientation	11.0×10^{-6}



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TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. What these puzzles have to be (2 wds.).	153 83 1 114 91 19 34 149 186 65 157 / 207 130
B. Pose.	44 176 179 21 200 55 84 131
C. Will Heaven protect her, too? (hyph.)	115 35 56 100 170 22 144 104 165 48 66 / 210
D. Baseball position; almost an airport (2 wds.).	110 49 161 2 93 57 193 180 36 134
E. About all some people can raise.	122 158 172 166 4 135 103 59
F. River in Iowa and Missouri.	150 183 173 73 136 94 123
G. A weeping infant.	196 85 74 159 138 177 187
H. Rudimentary sensation.	3 69 132 23 86 126 37 141
I. Peace [be] with you (Latin).	87 15 189 12 75 198 39 206 60 169 181
J. What few admit to being.	106 97 5 25 61 168 13
K. How the ball sped past Casey.	199 205 105 26 40 14 98 192
L. Concealed hitchhiker.	20 95 204 147 6 151 51 178
M. First name of a famous Greek (1864-1936).	24 154 160 76 52 116 167 7 67 175 41
N. Where Theodore Roosevelt died (2 wds.).	47 197 99 42 8 68 201 185 117
O. One-time American League outfielder (Det., Chi., Bos.).	64 102 70 43 53 77 9 96 62 79
P. Pertaining to a type of ray.	81 63 45 124 54 171 140 211
Q. A fur bearing animal.	119 107 139 78 10
R. Novel by Victor Hugo (hyph.).	163 127 16 80 120 202 155 137 88 188 212
S. To embrace opinions of one party in opposition to those of another.	109 111 118 89
T. English author (1874-1936).	203 121 191 90 82 18 142 128 71 27
U. Daughter of Agamemnon and Clytemnestra.	29 190 148 108 17 209 101 143 11
V. First name of English nurse, World War I.	33 46 152 28 145
W. Baseball fans usually see but half of this during home winning streak (2 wds.).	174 162 30 146 156 58 195 50 208 92 112
X. To talk incessantly, a la Humphrey.	38 113 129 31 164 194 184
Y. Jewish high priest's garment.	125 182 32 133 72

See page 253 for solution of last issue's Trans-O-Gram.

1 A	2 D	3 H	4 E	5 J		6 L	7 M	8 N		9 O	10 Q	11 U	12 I	13 J		14 K
15 I	16 R	17 U	18 T	19 A	20 L		21 B	22 C	23 H	24 M	25 J	26 K	27 T	28 V		29 U
30 W		31 X	32 Y	33 V		34 A	35 C	36 D	27 H	38 X	39 I	40 K	41 M		42 N	43 O
44 B	45 P		46 V	47 N	48 C	49 D	50 W	51 L	52 M	53 O		54 P	55 B	56 C		57 D
58 W	59 E	60 I	61 J	62 O		63 P	64 O	65 A	66 C	67 M	68 N	69 H		70 O	71 T	72 Y
73 F	74 G		75 I	76 M	77 O		78 Q	79 O	80 R	81 P	82 T	83 A	84 B		85 G	86 H
87 I	88 R	89 S	90 T	91 A	92 W	93 D	94 F	95 L	96 O	97 J	98 K	99 N		100C	101U	102O
103E		104C	105K	106J	107Q		108U	109S		110D	111S	112W	113X	114A		115C
116M	117N		118S	119Q		120R	121T	122E	123F		124P	125Y	126H	127R	128T	129X
130A	131B		132H	133Y		134D	135E		136F	137R	138G	139Q		140P	141H	
142T	143U	144C	145V	146W		147L	148U	149A	150F		151L	152V	153A	154M		155R
156W	157A	158E		159G	160M	161D	162W	163R		164X	165C		166E	167M		168J
169I	170C	171P	172E	173F		174W	175M	176B		177G	178L		179B	180D	181I	182Y
183F	184X	185N	186A	187G		188R	189I	190U	191T	192K	193D	194X	195W	196G	197N	
198I	199K	200B		201N	202R		203T	204L	205K	206I	207A	208W	209U	210C	211P	212R

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black lines indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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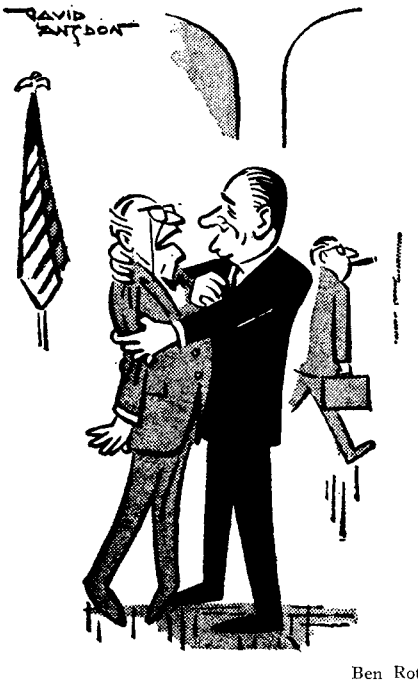
For The Record

What do you know: The United Nations last week agreed (ever so quietly) to pay indemnity to individual Belgians, or to Belgium, for the thirty-odd Belgians killed or wounded in the UN's invasions of Katanga. (No mention, though, of compensation for Katangan casualties of the peace-keeping operations.) . . . Ethopia, alarmed over Communist penetrations in Africa, last week refused to allow a Communist-dominated World Council of Peace delegation into the country.



Punch Ben Roth Agency

"I'm voting the way you want, L.B.J., only on account of I bruise easily."

Despite heavy anti-Hoover broadsides from the Left, a recent Harris poll shows Americans eight out of ten think the FBI director is doing a good job; were behind him three to one in his verbal fracas with Martin Luther King. . . . John Norpel, a key member of Otto Otepka's security team in the Evaluation Division of the State Department, has recently been transferred to El Paso and given the supremely unimportant job of interviewing people for the Bureau of Inter-American Affairs. (Otepka, you remember, was the State Department security man who was disciplined and removed from office for talking to a congressional committee.) . . . What Senator John Pastore's Senate Communications Subcommittee is charged with doing is investigating the FCC. What in fact it will do, is go after right-wing radio broadcasters and their financial supporters. Expect plenty of fireworks.

Harold Wilson caught in box: on the one hand it is very much in Britain's interest for the U.S. to take a firm stand in Vietnam (if Vietnam goes, will Malaysia be far behind?); on the other the pacifist-neutralist-appeasement-minded wing of his own Labor Party has threatened to bolt over his support of Washington. . . . A French Government survey of its 122 nationalized industries—railroads, telephone, gas, electricity, subways etc.—indicates that most of them have lost money in the past 36 months, partly at least because the charges for these services have remained stable while costs and salaries have soared.

The AMA reports it is now filling requests for seven million pamphlets which state its case against the Administration-proposed medicare bill and for the Association's alternate "eldercare" proposal. . . . Sen. Thomas Dodd has written glowing introduction to Suzanne Labin's "Embassies of Subversion." He says anyone who urges diplomatic recognition for Red China as means to reform Peking should first read this pamphlet. (Available from American Afro-Asian Education Exchange, 79 Madison Avenue, NY 10016, 50¢.)

The Immortals of the Academie Française, after much cogitation, have added to the dictionary, under the heading "coexistence," the phrase "peaceful coexistence."

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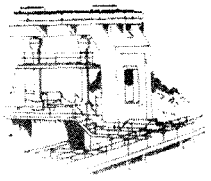

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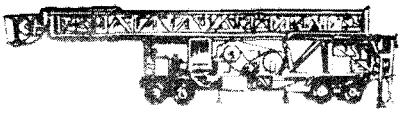

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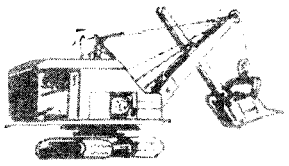

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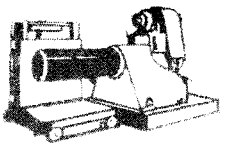

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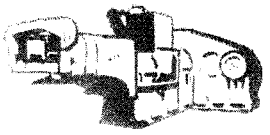

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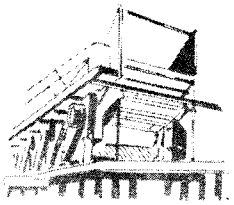

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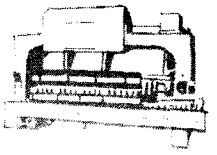

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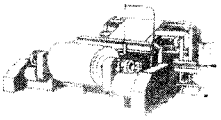

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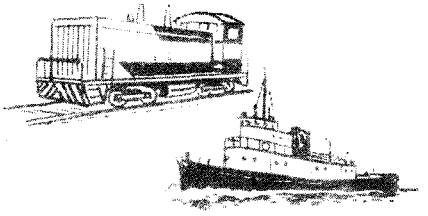

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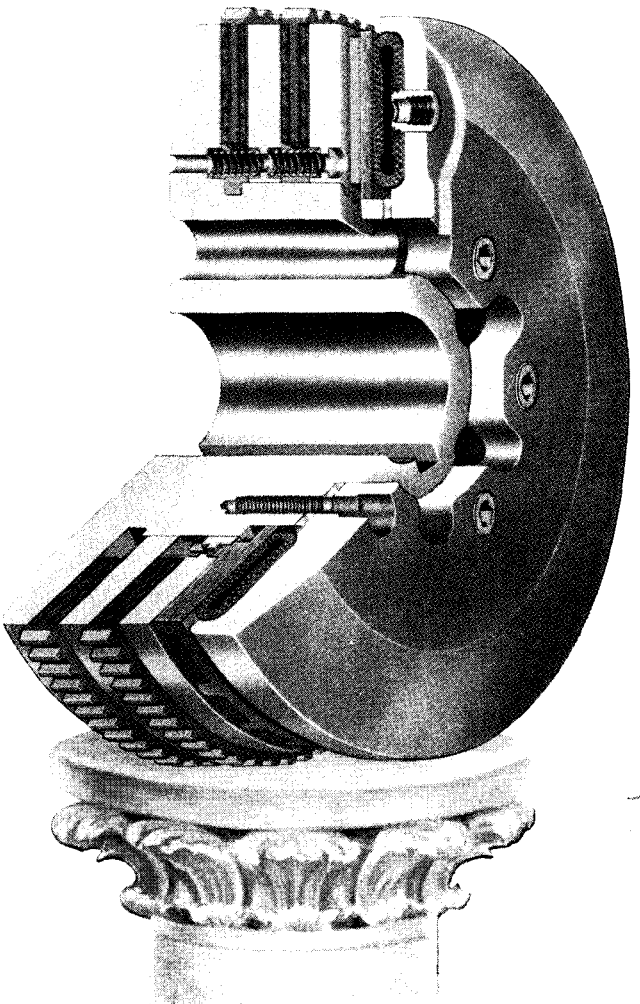

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